

VENUS

AN INTIMATE
COMPLAISON
FOR MEN

COMING SOON
TO A THEATRE
NEAR YOU



of anxiety."

To aid you in this search we have brought together some of the finest fiction ever written for men. To complement these lusty tales of life and love is a very special selection of white-hot photographs.

You'll find VENUS a pert and peppery gal whose sparkling features and gussy ideas will help you escape the cares and worries of the day. So just relax and let the goddess of love show you how to enjoy life.



VENUS

Editor—Montgomery L. Hooton
Associate Editor—Victor Gordon
Production Manager—
Charles Walter Hartmann
Art Director—Alexander Lambert

VENUS is published bi-monthly by Garden of Eve Publications Inc.,

Contents copyrighted 1958 by Garden of Eve Publications Inc. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or part without written permission. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and photographs. All contributions must be accompanied with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Any similarity between people and places in the fiction and semi-fiction in this magazine and any real people is purely co-incidental. Printed in The United States of America.

MEET VENUS—feature.....	2
A HAREM TALE—fiction.....	ANDREW KENT 4
A PUB IN A PUB—pictorial.....	7
END OF SUMMER—fiction.....	ARTHUR FOWLER 10
DEADLIER THAN THE MALE—reader bonus.....	13
THE TROUBLE WITH MRS. BENTON—fiction.....	14
	FRANKLIN MARTIN
THE SPICE OF LIFE—pictorial.....	18
KING OF THE PROSTITUTES—article.....	WEBSTER LAKE 21
BITTER FRUIT—reader bonus.....	25
TORRID TUBA TOOTER—pictorial.....	27
SEX IN GREENWICH VILLAGE—article.....	SHERMAN CONN 30
THE GODDESS OF LOVE—special pictorial.....	33
THE MILLER'S STORY—ribald classic.....	WILTON RHODE 36
FRISKY FIREBALL—pictorial.....	39
THE MAN WHO WAS MISTAKEN—fiction.....	O. P. CLIFFORDS 43
WHAT'S ABROAD?—pictorial.....	46
VIVA RITA—pictorial.....	62
TALES OF VENUS—humor.....	65

Cover: Zahra Norbo
by Frank Eck

A HAREM TALE

by Andrew Kent

Here's seven of those wild Arabian nights

THERE is, on the edge of the Arabian desert nearest the Mediterranean, a harem. There is nothing especially remarkable about it. The few sheiks who have continued to keep up their seraglios are for the most part the unreconstructed conservatives, who have not sold out to the oil interests, and are therefore poor, at least in the ordinary way of sheiks. Instead of marble, the palace is made of sandy colored clay brick. The garden is small, watered by a poor well-fed stream running the length of it, and the plants are ordinary roses, instead of the exotic flora we associate with Arabian nights. Their harem, therefore, is not a magnificent spot of overwhelming oriental splendor, but a quiet, slightly seedy enterprise serving only to bolster the self-esteem of an aging, somewhat retiring old Arab who has seen vastly superior days.

There is, however, one remarkable fact about it. That is that its women, of which there are some twenty or so, are entirely virgins. Not only are they all virgins, but they are completely innocent. They do not, in a word, know where babies come from. Or let us say, until the time of this story, they did not.

The reasons for this remarkable superabundance of purely innocent girls was perfectly simple. The old sheik,

(Continued on next page)





"Now,"
he said,"
I will
give you
your
prize!"

whose name is Raschoun al Paris had in his time been a man of considerable lust; a man, in fact, who spent the greater part of his life entertaining himself after the fashion of sheiks. That is to say, he slept, ate, listened to the pretty tingling of a strange stringed instruments, and made love regularly twice a day.

Not only was he a lusty gentleman, but highly fecund; and during his time he produced some hundred and twenty-five children. Statistically this seems impossible. But consider that over forty women passed regularly through his bedchamber, and it is not hard to see that over a period of years he could conceive this large crop.

All good things must come to an end. The end for the sheik occurred when he suffered, in the course of a duel, an unfortunate wound, which reduced him to the shell of a man. Shortly thereafter he turned to Christianity. Moslems cannot drink; as a result of his mishap, there was little pleasure left in life for poor Raschoun outside of the bottle. He took to drink in a mammoth way, desperately nursing his destroyed ego, and paid little attention to the world around.

His first step was to empty his harem; the sight of forty lovely women about which he could do nothing except look drove him to distraction. He sold the girls, dismissed the eunuchs, and sent those of his sons who still lived at home off into the world to seek their fortunes.

Most of his daughters had been married off. But at the time of the closing down of his harem there were still twenty young girls left. Some were mere children; others were well into their teens. Despite his sheikly powers, Raschoun was not an unkind man. He did not want to sell his little girls into slavery. He therefore hired an old woman as his nursemaid to raise the children, as he sat pouring date wine throughout the long, hot days.

In due course, the old woman died. But by this time some of the girls were in their twenties. The sheik merely came out of his study long enough to instruct that the older ones were to look after the younger. Then he went back to his bottle.

He had, however, done one other thing. Due to his unfortunate disability, he had become violently resentful of any reminders of the ordinary relations of man and woman. Love was an anathema to him. He therefore eliminated from his library, from his murals, from the mosaics on his walls, any suggestions of lust, sex, and prurience. The little girls thus grew up with the vague idea that babies came from heaven without the intervention of any human agency. They had, in a word, barely heard of men, and never of the wonderful ways of a man and a maid.

At this point in our story we must bring on stage a red-haired traveler in arms and armament. The representative of a small munitions maker in Connecticut, he moved throughout the desert selling weapons to those

sheiks who still kept small, private armies. His name was Jerry McTherson, and he was a tall, lanky, freckle-faced, fun-loving man, forthright in his approach to things, but not overburdened with principles.

One baking hot desert morning he drove up to the palace in a jeep, unloaded his sample case, and all unaware of the situation within, knocked on the door of the palace gates.

Picture his astonishment when the gate, rusty from disuse, squeaked open. Before him lay the rose garden. The twenty young maidens, garbed only in the thinnest of gossamer through which their lovely limbs were entirely visible, worked among the roses, plucking off dead leaves, hoeing the earth with tiny tools, or simply lying upon the soft turf in attitudes of repose. Before he could recover his presence of mind, he dropped his sample case.

Then quickly he picked it up. Instantly the girls were around him, their soft thighs and firm, plainly apparent breasts uncomfortably close to him. Boldly he stepped through the gate and took off his sun-helmet. "I would like to see the Sheik," he said.

"The Sheik, our father," said the eldest of the maidens, a sloe-eyed girl of twenty, rich with pliant flesh, "is asleep. But please to come in and we'll awaken him." She batted her long eyelashes. "We do not often have visitors."

The girls, unaccustomed to visitors, did not know what to do. The Sheik, their father, as they well knew, was full of liquor, and could not have been awakened for Kingdom Come. "As you wish," said the eldest.

Jerry sat down under a small date tree, thinking to himself, "My damn what a pretty sight. I hope the old boy never comes around." He was non-plussed. It was extremely unusual for any sheik he had ever heard of to leave his women unguarded. Here they were not only unguarded, but practically naked. But he was surely not about to say anything.

The girls went back to their work. From time to time they shot him curious glances; their dark, glowing eyes constantly turning on him. For a man was a strange and interesting sight in their garden.

Jerry continued to feast his eyes to the fullest. Here was one little girl of sixteen whose warm, sunny flesh appeared naked as she dipped and bent around the rose bushes. And here another twisted and turned, pulling the silk of her gown tight about her as she attempted to extricate it from a thorn it had caught on.

Gradually the girls began to slow their working pace. They did not know why; a golden glow was suffusing them, a sense of good luck and well-being; a light, delightful feeling of happiness, pleasure, joy—they didn't know what, except that it somehow related to the red-headed man in their midst. By degrees, they stopped their work, to stare at him and move in his direction. In the

Continued on page 50

Latest rage in the well scrubbed Parisian set is to relax with a Magnum of champagne while watching one of France's most beautiful (39-24-37) women do a soapy strip. The girl's name is Candida and her act is one of the most sensational and sensual strips in the history of that graceful art.

RUB-A-DUB-DUB...

A TUB IN A PUB



1) Candida warms up her audience with a kiss while the stage hands warm up her tub with hot water.



2) As the boys in the back row stand up to see what's going on ... Candida starts to swing into her act.



3) Candida's only stage prop is this authentic 18th Century antique bathing pot. Made of copper with a black enamel trim, the tub has a special rubber mat inlayed in the bottom to prevent Candida's slippery feet from skidding.

Candida first got the idea for her novel act while vacationing in Italy one summer. While on a walk in the country side she came upon a girl taking a bath in a secluded stream. The graceful movement used by the young girl to wash herself, inspired Candida's night spot act.



4) "Rub-a-dub-dub" hums our dolly as she scrubs behind her . . . ears. No matter how the authorities look at it, hers is the cleanest act in show-biz since Mary Martin 'washed that man right out of her hair' eight times a week in *South Pacific*.

Unlike Miss Martin, Candida frequently catches cold as the result of the contribution to the arts. Reason: French night spots and cellar clubs are cold and drafty! Only Candida's excellent physical condition keeps the sniffles down to a minimum.



**Parisian
girl's name
is Candida**

5) Cold drafts and rambunctious patrons aren't the only hazards the dripping dolly has to cope with. There's also the problem of making the soap suds stick to the skin. Our gal Candida does it with a special formula lather that she had developed by a well known chemist friend of hers in Paris.

After countless experiments (to see if the suds would stick) the chemist and the chorine finally came up with the right combination. However, the only way to get the super suds off is to take a rinse in . . . Champagne.

Because she's built like an unreconstructed Rebel Fort, Candida has received innumerable offers to appear in almost every country on the globe. She has plans to make a trip around the world one of these days but she doesn't want to come to the States. When asked why the slippery stripper replied: "Americans just won't appreciate my version of this fine art."

No? Just try us honey!

Meanwhile, Candida has been kept busy in the nightspots and bistros of her native Paris. And although most of the clubs are cold and drafty she's going to stick it out to . . . the end.



END OF SUMMER

Their virginal love became a volcano of passion

DURING the middle of August a sadness began to grow on Jimmy French. The days were hot, and long, and the sweet smell of grapes began to come up along the fences beside the road. He wished he never had to go back to the city; the summer was too lovely to end.

He did not know, as he stood in the middle of the meadow feeling his sadness that the girl was watching him from a place in the maple tree where she had climbed.

He had never been in the country before; that is to say, he had never been for more than a day or so, when he visited his Aunt Lillis at Christmas, or over the Easter Holidays. All his life he had lived in the hot, brutal stink of the city, the hard, dirty look of which wore him down, beat him down so that sometimes he could not stand it. Then he would run out of his father's house and sit all day in a movie, wondering at the lives that were lived on the celluloid film.

But this summer was different. This summer his Aunt Lillis took him up to the country, because with his Uncle dead, she needed somebody around the place, to help with the work (which was not much) and to keep her company until she could get a girl, get somebody permanent with her. Jimmy had swum in the ponds, and

(Continued on next page)



Slowly he said, "I'll take
off my clothes if you will."

run through the soft, thick grass of the meadows, shouting, and tumbling over and over in the grass; had run through the little pine forest on the hill above the house, or picked wild strawberries in the fields.

He was lonely, a little. That was true. His Aunt kept saying, "You must be lonely with no other children around." But he always said, "No, Aunt Lillis, I don't mind."

He didn't. In the first place he was not a child, he was sixteen, and that made a difference. In the second, he was happy to be alone, to be able to move about without putting on a hard face for the gang in the block, without having to pretend he was tougher than he was. So he ran in the woods, or lay down by the little streams to comfort his face with cool water. And in the evenings, when it was chill, he sat by the fire and read until he was sleepy. It was a wonderful summer.

Now it was August, and he was losing it. He was oppressed by a sense of loss. It came to be the middle of August, and then the end of August, and then finally it was September and he had only a day left. Full of pain at the thought of going to the city, he walked all the quiet places he had found, measuring them, trying to soak them into his skin so that he could bring them back to the city with him.

That was why he did not see the girl until she was standing nearly in front of him. He had been sitting on a mossy place just above the little stream with his feet dangling in the water, concentrating on the cold, sharp feel of the movement. Suddenly she was there, in front of him.

Her hair was dark brown, cropped close to her shoulders. Her light blue tee-shirt pulled tight over the line of her small, erect breasts, and her shorts were rolled up high on her hips. Her legs were tan, and smooth, but flecked with little golden hair where the pieces of sunlight flickering through the trees fell on them.

Quickly, he jumped up. She started. She was as surprised as he was to find him there. "Hello," he said.

She said nothing, but looked left and right around her, as if searching for a path of retreat.

"Don't be scared," he said. "I didn't know anybody came here. Is this your land?" He gestured around at the woods and trees.

She nodded solemnly, but said nothing. Her eyes were still darting frantically around, like a rabbit dodging a car's headlights.

"I didn't know. I hope it's all right to come here?"

Suddenly she spoke, the edge of hoarseness in the tone, as if she had not spoken for a long time. "It's all right," she said abruptly. "It doesn't belong to me. It belongs to my grandfather." Then she turned, and began to back away. "I have to go," she said.

"No," he said. "Don't go, please." She was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He was frantic to keep her there. "Please don't go. Please don't be shy. I'm not

anybody. I'm not anybody to be frightened of."

She stopped reluctantly, and turned back. Truculently she raised her eyes from the ground. "I'm not scared of you," she said.

"I didn't mean to say that," he said. "You just looked scared."

For a moment they remained silently facing each other across the stream. Finally Jimmy said, "Where do you live?"

She gestured behind her. "Over there. Behind that hill."

"Do you live here all the time? Or do you just come in the summer?"

"Always," she said. She sounded sulky. "Always I live here."

Jimmy felt a little as if he had caught a wild, frightened rabbit, with whom he must be absolutely gentle, lest he split its heart with fear. "Would you like to sit down?" he said. "You could sit on that side, and I'll sit here."

Reluctantly, as if she were afraid a snare would close on her if she were not careful, she sat. On his side, Jimmy sat, dropping his feet back into the stream. The girl was sitting with her legs curled up under her, and the light falling through the trees passed yellowish back and forth across her naked thigh. Suddenly she unfolded her legs, kicked off her moccasins, and splashed her bare feet into the pool. "It's cold," she said.

"It comes from the hills back there," Jimmy said. "It's always cold."

"I know that," she said crossly. "You don't have to tell me that."

"I'm sorry, I forgot you live around here."

Now she was kicking her feet in the water, splashing little silver flakes up into the air, not near to Jimmy, but as if she wanted to touch him with the water. "I know who you are, too," she blurted.

Jimmy was astonished. "How do you know me?"

"My grandfather told me. He always knows what's going on. That's all he ever does, sit around and gossip with old ladies."

Suddenly, without reason, without understanding, Jimmy was full of a need to comfort the girl, to gentle her, to hold her ever so lightly, so softly, as if he had to shield her from an inexplicable sorrow, from some violent pain. But he did not dare cross the pool to her, lest she fly away.

Instead, he asked her about her family; she told him that she lived with her grandfather, who would not let her go out, who would not let her go into the little village unless he was along, who would not let her do anything she wanted to do; who had raised her, and was so violently jealous of anyone's touching her that he did not allow visitors to the house.

Continued on page 52

DEADLIER THAN THE MALE

A SHORT STORY



HE did not really begin to get anxious until the train was coming into Chicago. He knew that in a half hour Angeline would be getting into bed. He planned to call her at 11:45, just before she got into bed, to make sure she had taken her pills. It was her usual habit to retire at 12:00, and she was unlikely to change her routine. If anything, Angeline was a woman to whom routine meant everything. It had been, certainly, one of the major causes for the dismal, dreary round of habit their marriage had become. He knew precisely what she would say from one minute to the next. Not only that, he knew precisely what she would *think* from minute to minute. Invariably she started the morning saying: "I couldn't get a wink of sleep last night with your tossing and turning." And from then on she would go grumbling and complaining through the daylight hours, burdening him with a vast weight of her infinitesimal annoyances, as if she held life itself against him.

"You underestimate me," she would whine petulantly. "You always underestimate me; you never give me my due."

"Bah," he would shout. "You won't go out; you won't do anything except nag at me."

"You underestimate me," her whining voice would fade out. And he would go back to his papers, dismissing her as far as possible from his mind.

And yet when he suggested a divorce, she was shocked. "I know you hate me, but one does not get a divorce; one suffers through. You can consider yourself stuck with me," she said. And it was then that he first began to mull the problem of her sleeping pills. He had been clever about it, without a doubt. He had counted on her habit. She always took two pills every night without fail. She never deviated. It had been therefore, a matter of counting out the number of pills in a bottle, dividing by two, and arriving at the number of days it took her to finish a bottle. It had been even simpler to empty two of the diminutive capsules of their powder,

and then refill them with a dosage of twenty times their strength. And then that morning, as she packed his bag for his "business" trip, he slipped quietly into the bathroom and substituted the two lethal capsules for the pair of harmless ones that lay on the bottom of the bottle. The capsules, of course, would dissolve, and from the amount of barbituate in her organs, the coroner would have to assume an overdose of sleeping pills was responsible for Angeline's death. What else? And by the time the sorrowful telegram reached him in his Chicago hotel, he would have his alibi firmly established.

It was perfect, and yet he was anxious. It was 11:30 when he checked into his hotel. Directly he went upstairs. The bellboy put his suitcase on the little rack. There was a fifth of liquor in it; for a moment he thought of having a drink before he called Angeline. Then he thought better of it. He did not have the time. He certainly did not want to wake her as she was falling to sleep.

She was annoyed when she answered the phone. "I'm going to bed, why are you calling now?"

He began to sweat. "I just got in to the hotel. I wanted to make sure everything was all right."

"Everything's all right, of course everything's all right." She paused, and he could hear the yawn coming over the five hundred miles of wire. He smiled. "I'm sleepy enough so I think I'll get a good night's rest for once, without you kicking me," she added. Then there was a long pause. He waited. Her voice came soft and slightly querulous, as if she could not understand something. "I'm so sleepy," she said. Then there was another long pause. He waited. Finally he heard the sudden rattle of the phone dropping into the wooden floor. He hung up.

And now, he thought gleefully, for that drink. His step buoyant, his movements elastic, he laid his hand on the top of the suitcase and pressed the latch.

The smack of the explosion broke his face before he could really hear the tremendous roar of the dynamite in the suitcase going off. He had just time to think: "I underestimated her at last," and then he died.



With tears in her eyes, she led the boy upstairs.

No man could satisfy

the lonely divorcee so . . .

THE TROUBLE WITH MRS. BENTON

by Franklin Martin

CHARLIE knew that the woman lived down at the end of the street, next to the garage. On days when he walked down there to play football the field back of the garage he sometimes saw her standing there in her blue cotton dress and high-heeled shoes. Charlie thought she looked funny standing in the middle of all that grease and oil, with her good clothes on and all, talking to Al Cyzarik.

He wondered what they talked about. Al Cyzarik was nothing but a guy who worked in a garage. There was nothing in that. Why would a beautiful woman with high-heeled shoes and long blonde hair want to talk to Al Cyzarik?

No matter what, Charlie was glad she had called him. Her name was Mrs. Benton. Mr. Benton was never around. At least nobody had seen him. She worked downtown in The Fred C. Moore Insurance Agency, Charlie didn't know what doing.

She called up Charlie because she wanted somebody to cut her lawn, now that it was summer. Charlie was fifteen, and he was pretty big. Charlie cut lawns most of the summer. He paid board to his mother. His father was dead. His mother was hard put to make ends meet. So in the summer Charlie paid board. In the winter, his ma said, he could figure getting good marks in

school would count the same as paying board.

Charlie's mother didn't like Mrs. Benton. "She's a bad person," she said.

"Why?" Charlie said.

"I don't think a single woman ought to be living alone like that. It isn't a good thing for the neighborhood."

Charlie didn't understand that. Why shouldn't a single woman live alone if she wanted to?

Anyway, Charlie went down to see her about cutting her lawn. He stood on the porch, ringing the bell. In the sun, it had been hot; but in the shade by the door, it was nice.

After a moment Mrs. Benton came to the door. "Hello. You're Charlie." She smiled, and let it sink in. "All right, Charlie, come on in and we'll see about it."

Charlie followed her in and then across to the kitchen in the back of the house. She was wearing a pair of pants, some kind of slacks, and just a blue shirt like the one Al Cyzarik wore at the gas station, but open pretty far down, because of the heat.

Mrs. Benton sat Charlie down in the cool kitchen. "How about a coke, Charlie?" she said. "It's pretty hot today, isn't it?" She smiled again, sweetly. "I think I might have a beer, myself," she said.

"A coke would be fine," Charlie said.

"All right, Charlie," she said. "You have a coke and I'll have a beer and we can talk business." Then she got the bottles out of the icebox and opened them. After that she sat down at the white enamel table with cracked places in it, and looked at Charlie. "Whew it is hot, isn't it?" she said again.

The way she was sitting, Charlie could see the part between her breasts where they met, like a little crease in a pillow. He was proud he was looking at the crack. It was something he could be proud of telling the other guys later on. He wondered if she had a brassiere. Charlie had seen plenty of brassieres in stores and things, but he had never seen one on a real woman.

Mrs. Benton wanted to ask him a lot of questions. Charlie figured she wanted to know if he was reliable, and all. Most of the people he worked for cutting grass knew him; they knew that he was reliable. He had a good reputation for cutting lawns right, not leaving big skips in the grass, or forgetting to cut under the places where the bushes drooped over the lawns. But he guessed that Mrs. Benton didn't know about him. She wanted to know if he went to school, and did he go out for sports, and what all the kids around did for dances and parties; things like that. Charlie couldn't see the sense in all the questions, but he answered up politely, like his mother always wanted him to.

After awhile Mrs. Benton decided she would have another beer, and asked Charlie if he wanted a coke, too. Charlie said he would. He didn't really want it, it was making him belchy. But he took it for politeness. And

then they figured out about cutting the lawn; when would be a good time to come, and how much he ought to get paid, and where she kept the lawn-mower. Things like that.

Mrs. Benton wanted him to cut the grass Saturdays. Charlie didn't want to. Since he wasn't in school during the summer, he'd just as soon work during the week, and take Saturday off. But Mrs. Benton said she had to be there to unlock the garage for him; and she couldn't be there during the week, because of her work. Charlie figured that didn't make any sense. She could have left a key out for him; or even left the mower out. Around there, nobody could ever steal anything. Then he said good-bye, and left. He figured he had been there almost an hour. It seemed like a long time to be talking to a grown-up.

So every Saturday morning he came over and cut the grass. He started coming early. He liked to finish up in the morning, so he could have the afternoon to play ball, or fish, or whatever anybody was doing.

The first time he came Mrs. Benton wasn't even up. He had to ring for awhile, and then she came down, all wrapped up in a bathrobe. Her hair was in a mess, and her eyes didn't look right, like she had been crying, or didn't get enough sleep, or something. She gave him a key, and he got the lawnmower out, and cut the grass.

After that she was up eating breakfast when he came. She always asked him to sit down and have a cup of coffee, or some doughnuts, or something. She would be wearing the bathrobe, tied around the middle with a belt, and the top part would be open enough so he could see her breasts pretty clear—enough to know that she wasn't wearing any brassiere.

That was the way it went in June. In July it was hot and dry for a week, and the sky was bright blue. Friday night it began to cloud over, and on Saturday morning it was sullen and threatening. Charlie hoped it would either rain, all day, or not at all. He was going to the movies in the afternoon. But if it rained in the morning, and was clear in the afternoon, he would have to cut Mrs. Benton's lawn after lunch. He went over early to get it done before it started to come down; if it was going to.

Mrs. Benton asked him to stop for coffee; but he didn't. He was in a hurry to get finished before the rain came; if it was going to. He got the lawnmower out of the garage, and started to work.

After an hour the clouds were thicker and the breeze was cold. He knew it was going to rain. He figured it might rain for a couple of days, from the feel of it.

The first drops came at 10:00; a slow, steady drizzle, not enough to make him stop working, but enough to get his hair wet. After a bit the drizzle slowed, stopped; but then it began again, harder.

Charlie pulled the lawnmower up on the front porch, and stood there, trying to figure out if it was going to

let up again, or not, in which case he might as well go home.

He was standing thinking about this when Mrs. Benton came out onto the porch. She was still wearing the bathrobe. It seemed strange to Charlie. It was pretty late in the day for a woman to be going around in a bathrobe. "Hello," she said.

"I'm just waiting to see if it's going to stop raining."

"I see," she said. She shivered. "You might as well wait inside where it's a little warmer."

"Thank you," Charlie said. He followed her into the house, and back into the kitchen.

"How about some coffee?" she said. The front of her bathrobe had opened up more, and he could see a lot of her breasts, the crease part, and a lot of the white mounds. It made him feel funny to see that; no woman ought to let her breast show like that, he thought. He was embarrassed. He wanted to turn his head away; but also he wanted to look. He liked to look at them, even though it made him feel funny. He kept looking down at his coffee, and then glancing up quickly at her front. He hoped she didn't see him looking.

She wasn't drinking coffee herself. She was drinking beer. After a minute she got up and moved her chair around the table to the side where Charlie was sitting. Charlie couldn't think of why she did that.

"Do you mind if I sit here?" she said.

"No," Charlie said. He began to feel real funny. He began to feel that something funny was going to happen. It was strange that a grown-up woman would want to sit that close to him. He wanted to go; and he wanted to stay.

She drank a little of her beer. When she tipped her head back he could see all the way down the front of her robe. He could see all of her breasts. That was the first time he had ever seen something like that. "Charlie," she said. "Do you mind if I ask you a funny question?"

He wished she wouldn't keep asking him if he minded things. "No," he said politely.

"Do you go with girls?"

He blushed, embarrassed. "I guess so," he said. "Sure." Sometimes he took the girls from school to the movies. Or a bunch of them danced at somebody's house. Sometimes he kissed the girl he was with. He never went any farther than that. Around there, you never tried to mess around. If you wanted to mess around you went to another town, and tried it with some girl you picked up on the street. But the guys Charlie knew, they never had the nerve to do that. That was for the bigger guys.

"Do you kiss them?" she said. She said it fast, as if she was really interested. Charlie couldn't understand why a grown-up would be

Continued on page 56

MEN'S KORNER



KIDS KORNER



rodriguez



THE SPICE OF LIFE



Tip for gourmets: the only place you'll find
spice like this Ginger is in the State of Florida.





One of the nicest ways we know of adding some excitement to your life is to use a little bit of spice. In this case VENUS can heartily recommend this curvy (39-25-36) container of spice labeled Ginger Martin.

Like her spicy namesake, Ginger was born and raised in a tropical clime, Florida to be exact. And the lithe, long-legged brunette speaks highly of the land of the swaying palms. While on this assignment with our photographer, Dixie-pixie Ginger revealed she would love to do all her modeling in the Florida sunshine. "Nothing like southern weather," says Ginger, "for keeping a girl's complexion in tip-top shape."

Besides the Florida sun, Ginger likes: orange juice, peanut butter and marmalade sandwiches, small dogs and large beers. She has no pet peeves except guys who try to pass themselves off as "model agents."



THERE were two hundred brothels. There were three thousand registered prostitutes. There were honky-tonks, cabarets, wine-barrel rooms, dance halls. There was dope, diamonds, steaming hot Spanish food, parades, parties, picnics, fish fries, and of course, swollen torrents of hot music. At no other place, in no other time, has humankind put up for sale such an incredible diversity of sin in such a small area.

And the king of it all was a tall, powerful cornet player named Buddy Bolden.

The place, of course, was Storyville, New Orleans's legal stewhouse of sex. The time was the twenty years following 1896, when Alderman Sidney Story got his vice ordinance through the City Council. Seeking desperately to stem an ever-widening pool of sin and seduction, the city fathers of New Orleans had finally settled upon a plan to localize prostitution to an area of thirty-eight blocks centering upon Canal Street. They thus unwittingly created a sintown to top all sintown; a wild, bawdy, revelling place where all bars were down, and anything was for sale. And in the same motion they constructed a hot, vibrant womb for the nurturing of America's first, fragile attempts to bring forth an art form of its own: jazz music.

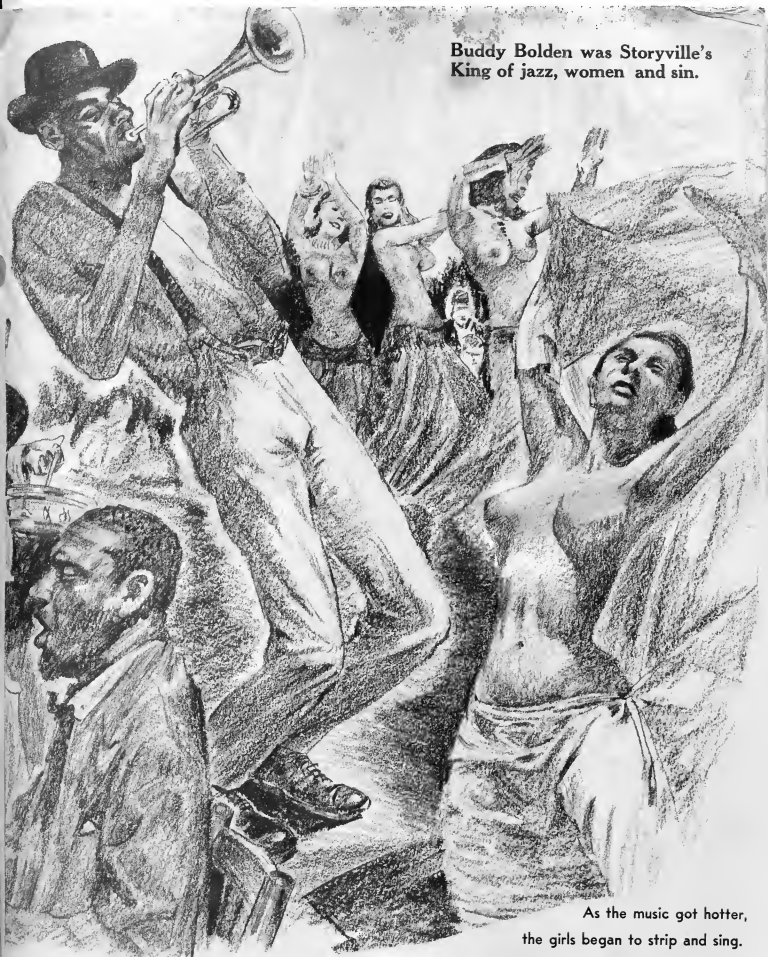
The early roots of jazz were numerous, complex,

by Webster Lake



KING OF THE PROSTITUTES

Buddy Bolden was Storyville's
King of jazz, women and sin.



As the music got hotter,
the girls began to strip and sing.

and diverse; suffice it to say they included the African rhythms and intonations of the Negro slaves; the sparkling, staccato sounds of ragtime; the rough, biting music of New Orleans' famous street bands; and a complex web of work songs, hollars, spirituals, and hymns. No one man, of course, was responsible for inventing jazz. But the first known powerful personality to help shape the new music was Buddy Bolden.

A tall, handsome man, Buddy Bolden was a barber by trade. Literate in an area where literacy was scarce, he ran a small gossip sheet called *The Cricket*, which in New Orleans never lacked for material. But the main causes of his fame lay in other areas, and they were two: sex and music.

They said of Buddy Bolden that he was always accompanied by three women; and they were all satisfied. Certainly he acted as a magnet on the New Orleans girls. A forceful, dominating, highly competitive figure, he took as his right almost worshipful respect the women accorded him. He allowed no man to take his women, and he allowed no musician to move his audience. John Robichaux's was the best, legitimate Creole orchestra in the area; but Buddy Bolden could close down a Robichaux dance at 10:30. When he figured Robichaux had gone far enough, he simply stuck his golden cornet through a knothole in the building where Robichaux was playing, and blew a fast, high, incredible loud chorus, and "called his chillum home."

To understand something of Bolden, it is necessary to look at the surroundings in which he lived. Storyville was a complete catalogue of sins, with a social structure to match the society in which it operated. At the top were the fabulous sin palaces, of which the best known was Lulu White's. Here gorgeous Creoles serviced the needs of the rich New Orleans whites in an atmosphere of fantastic luxury. Anything a man wanted, Lulu White had. There were special rooms completely lined with mirrors, where the customers could follow their own action from three sides. There were arrangements for "special tastes." There was even a team of a twenty-six-year-old mother and her eleven-year-old daughter, who came as a package for five hundred dollars.

A cut below the great pleasure palaces where beer was a dollar a bottle, were the ordinary sporting houses. Here were the classic jazz pianists such as Tony Jackson, who wrote the song *Pretty Baby* (You can talk about your jelly-roll, but none compare with mine, *Pretty Baby* . . .), and Jelly-Roll Morton, who sang:

"See that spider, climbing up that wall,

He's goin' up there to get his ashes hauled . . ."

The sporting houses featured the Naked Dance. At a request from a customer, an astonishing beautiful Creole girl would come out onto a small stage, and dance to the fast, hot-rolling sound of the professor's piano. After that, there was no holding the men back.

At the bottom of the social structure, in the economic

depths of New Orleans, were the wine-barrel rooms, and dance-halls. The wine-barrel rooms were nothing more than small storefronts equipped with huge barrels of cheap red wine, and a bin full of mugs. For a nickel a man could fill a mug from the barrels; but unless he kept it full he would be tossed out on his ear.

Besides all of this roaring explosion of sin, there were over three thousand crib girls, who owned nothing more than a bit of space in a wooden shack, and a mattress. The crib girls stood at the doors of their shacks, singing and shouting out, "Here's you jellyroll, Mister," to passing men.

So numerous were the brothels of Storyville that a listing, the famous Blue Book, was put out. Lulu White even put out her own souvenir booklet, with pictures of Mahogany Hall's finest appointments. Mahogany Hall, the booklet said, "is the only place where you can get three shots for your money: the shot downstairs, the shot upstairs, and the shot in the room."

Buddy Bolden did not play in the high class places. They did not go for that "dirty music," sticking mainly to piano players who could rip off the fast rags and intricate operatic numbers the white customers like. But down in the barrel-houses in the rough, tough cafes like Spanola's, and the Red Onion, or in the dance halls like Odd Fellows, or Tin Type Hall (a morgue by day, a dance hall by night) there Buddy Bolden blew out some of the first blues—hot and dirty.

It is a gorgeous sight to see. All the men are wearing derby hats; the women in short, clinging, summer cottons. Above all, is the band, their faces beads with sweat from the steaming atmosphere, the effort of playing, and the prodigious quantities of liquor they drink to keep themselves going. In front of all, Buddy Bolden taps the bell of his cornet lightly on the floor for a starting beat, and then begins to blow a low, drag blues like "Make Me A Pallet on the Floor."

Suddenly the throng is up dancing, shouting, "Oh, Mr. Bolden, play it for us, Buddy, play it."

And Bolden turns to the band: "Simmer down, let me be those feet." Later, around midnight, the music begins to warm up. Suddenly Bolden rises up above the crowd: "All you bitches shake your asses," he shouts. And he begins "Careless Love," dragging the notes out slow so the dancers can grind and shake against each other. Then suddenly at four o'clock in the morning it is over. The men depart with their women, and the musicians pack up to meet their girls, who are just coming off work in the brothels. Perhaps Buddy, his girls coming along behind him, each carrying his coat, his hat, and his cornet, heads for Pete Lala's, the musicians hang-out, to eat, and drink wine, and see if any other musician is cutting his stuff.

But nobody ever did cut his stuff. Buddy Bolden was King. At night, the stories say, the bold, beautiful sounds of his cornet carried

Continued on page 56

BITTER FRUIT

A READER BONUS COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THE old bum Pete stood on the corner of Sullivan Street waiting. The man had said he would come at three, and it was nearly three now. His hands shook, and his eyes were wet. He had not had a drink for nearly twenty-four hours. Anxiously he looked up and down the streets. The man had said he would give Old Pete a bottle and plenty else besides, all he wanted to drink. A nice young man, nice to Old Pete anyway. And he was going to give Old Pete all he wanted to drink for nothing.

Well not quite nothing. There was something he was supposed to do. Vaguely old Pete ran over it in his mind. The man would give him a little box of some stuff. Old Pete couldn't remember the name. Some medical thing, he figured. Scientific. That was all the rage, Pete knew. He didn't know anything about it. Old Pete never learned to read much, and couldn't study up on things like the younger fellows. No matter. It took no brains to do this little thing the nice young man wanted him to do. Simple. All he had to do was take the little box and bring it up to the hospital. Old Pete was just supposed to say he found it in a trash basket. They'd give him a lot of money, and he and the young fellow would split it. And then he could have all he wanted to drink any time. His nervous hands shaking, he glanced up and down the street.

At the bus stop in front of the hospital the young ward attendant, Emley Brown, held the grapefruit gingerly in a paper bag, and walked from his room to the elevator. He was dressed in civvies. It was his day off. To himself he smiled. A day off; but a pretty penny he'd earn on it, too.

It had been a simple matter to steal the tiny lead slip of uranium. All he had to do was take it out of the bandages as the patient to whom it had been tied slept, and push it under the skin of the grapefruit. There had been a furor, of course. But by the time it had been discovered, Emley Brown had been off duty. They could not possibly hold him responsible. It had been dangerous, no doubt. Even with the protective lead shield, lethal dose of radioactive material was given off. But if you didn't hang onto it for more than a couple of hours at a time,

you'd be all right. The grapefruit was an ideal hiding place. He had left it on his bureau with the uranium in it overnight, and now, as he climbed on the bus, it was still there. An ideal way to smuggle the hot stuff out of the hospital. He smiled to himself. A pretty lethal piece of citrus fruit, he thought. He was pleased with himself. The business with the bum was perfect. The old man would turn the stuff in, saying he had found it in a garbage can. Everybody knew the bums scoured refuse baskets for food, or things to sell. Furthermore, the old guy couldn't read. When he collected the reward check, he'd have to bring it to Emley Brown to help him cash it, and of course Emley would tell him the amount was fifty dollars—not five thousand.

On the street corner Old Pete saw the nice young man come off the bus with a package in his arm. Old Pete wondered what was in the packages, but he didn't ask. Instead he allowed the nice young man to steer him into a bar, and buy him a drink. Gratefully, Pete drank one, then another, and

then a third hooker of rye. The nice young man was telling Old Pete something, but because of the whiskey, Old Pete couldn't understand what he was saying. Besides, Old Pete had seen what was in the package. A grapefruit, whole and new, not like the busted ones that fell off trucks into the street. His mouth watered.

Then the young man, who had drunk three beers, went into the men's room. For a moment Pete stood, debating thickly. On the one hand, there was all the money the nice young man told him about. On the other hand was the grapefruit. The fifty dollars was a promise. The grapefruit was real, was evident, was solid and concrete. In the world of Pete there was one basic rule: take the cash and let the credit go. Quickly he looked about. The young man was still in the men's room. Then he picked up the grapefruit. He was barely outside and around the corner into a hidden alley before he began clawing at the thick grapefruit skin with his teeth, sucking the rich, slightly bitter juices into his mouth.



TORRID TUBA TOOTER

Would you like to be a tutored tuba tooter if you were being tutored by this torrid tuba tooter? Well men, just as soon as Nancy gets enough tuba tutoring from her tuba tutor she'll become an accomplished tuba tooter who will be qualified to tutor any other tuba tooter.



Nancy Kirsten can make beautiful music without blowing a note.



TORRID TUBA



TOOTER

Would you like to be a tutored tuba tooter if you were being tutored by this torrid tuba tooter? Well men, just as soon as Nancy gets enough tuba tutoring from her tuba tutor she'll become an accomplished tuba tooter who will be qualified to tutor any other tuba tooter.



Nancy Kirsten can make beautiful music without blowing a note.



If the tuba ever becomes popular with the hip set, it will be due only to the efforts of lovely tuba tooter, Nancy Kirsten. While Nancy is still a novice at the fine art of playing the tuba she can still make the instrument look better than any ten musicians.

Besides learning how to blow her own horn, Nancy has become one of the country's top-notch models. Reasons: dark brown hair; long, lovely legs and a (37-24-36) fine figure. If these aren't enough reasons VENUS presents all the others on the following pages.





With a Hollywood contract in the offering, Nancy's future plans don't seem to include her tubby tuba. "If they want me to play an instrument when I get to Hollywood," says Nancy, "they can teach me how to play the piccolo."

Though she looks the picture of femininity, Nancy can also live it up in the great outdoors. She's an accomplished rider, and likes to go dude ranching when she can get the time. And don't get fresh, guys! She's a crack rifle shot.

SEX IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

by Sherman Conn

They don't wear pants on the southern side of 14th Street.


IT is commonly said that American girls go to Paris to make love. Caught between the millstones of inner desire and necessities of maintaining at least a surface respectability, they flee the Puritan confines of Des Moines, Seattle, Mudville or whatever narrow-minded province they were raised in, and head for a place where nobody knows them, and where the arts of the couch are an acceptable social diversion. In other words, Paris is a place where they can get away with it.

But Paris is a long, expensive way off; and the cream of America's fresh young beauties has found a Garden of Eve to cultivate much closer to home. This is, of course, Greenwich Village, the Bohemia of New York. And here, like Paris, they come because they can get away with it.

To Greenwich Village they come in droves: buxom, heavy-breasted beauties from the Cheeselands; slight, thin-hipped blondes from Fairfield County; soft, open-mouthed innocents from the South; big ones, little ones, fat ones, thin ones, they pour out of the hinterlands with a one-way ticket to Grand Central pinned inside their shirtfronts, and a letter, never to be used, to a Great-Aunt on upper Fifth Avenue.

Ostensibly they come looking for culture. They will be sculptors, painters, poets, creators of mosaic tables, best yet, students of all the arts together. Unless they are well-supplied with money from home, they end up waiting on tables at Schraffits, or typing in an insurance company office. But it is all right. They lived in Greenwich Village. They are Greenwich Village girls.

And why, just why is culture so marvelous? Very simple. Culture is sexy as hell. This particular point of view came about during the 1920's, when the Ernest Hemingway's and Tom Wolfe's began to write publicly about S-E-X, a subject which had been kept under wraps in America since the Civil War. Immediately



He said he would be gentle
but she was still scared

SEX IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

by Sherman Conn

They don't wear pants on the southern side of 14th Street.

IT is commonly said that American girls go to Paris to make love. Caught between the millstones of inner desire and necessities of maintaining at least a surface respectability, they flee the Puritan confines of Des Moines, Seattle, Mudville or whatever narrow-minded province they were raised in, and head for a place where nobody knows them, and where the arts of the couch are an acceptable social diversion. In other words, Paris is a place where they can get away with it.


But Paris is a long, expensive way off; and the cream of America's fresh young beauties has found a Garden of Eve to cultivate much closer to home. This is, of course, Greenwich Village, the Bohemia of New York. And here, like Paris, they come because they can get away with it.

To Greenwich Village they come in droves: buxom, heavy-breasted beauties from the Cheeselands; slight, thin-hipped blondes from Fairfield County; soft, open-mouthed innocents from the South; big ones, little ones, fat ones, thin ones, they pour out of the hinterlands with a one-way ticket to Grand Central pinned inside their shirtfronts, and a letter, never to be used, to a Great-Aunt on upper Fifth Avenue.

Ostensibly they come looking for culture. They will be sculptors, painters, poets, creators of mosaic tables, best yet, students of all the arts together. Unless they are well-supplied with money from home, they end up waiting on tables at Schraffts, or typing in an insurance company office. But it is all right. They lived in Greenwich Village. They are Greenwich Village girls.

And why, just why is culture so marvelous? Very simple. Culture is sexy as hell. This particular point of view came about during the 1920's, when the Ernest Hemingway's and Tom Wolfe's began to write publicly about S-E-X, a subject which had been kept under wraps in America since the Civil War. Immediately





He said he would be gentle
but she was still scared

their books were banned; and immediately the banners were shouted down with cries of "Prude, Book Burners," and the like. And ever after, culture has been sexy.

Therefore, a girl who can mantle her activities with the cloak of culture can behave, just as she damn well pleases. Kissing games? The old switcheroo? Naked dancing? It's Art man, Art, and the finger-pointers are the really dirty, nasty people with the obscene minds.

The Greenwich Village girl comes in an assortment of packages, with an assortment of motives, most of them hair-raising. Let us cast, then, an objective eye over some of the more prominent.

Take Pearly. She is from the deep Mid-west, and she hates it with a passion unequalled outside The Brothers Karamazov. She hates her name, but she hasn't the courage to change it. She hates her looks, but she hasn't the courage to change them. She hates most of all, her own emotional construction, which deep down inside is strictly Midwest prude.

Pearly's deflowering took place about a week after her arrival in the Village, and it was probably the most

difficult thing she had to do. Her date was her first one in the city, arranged by a room mate. A short, aggressive little man with a beard, he was perhaps twice Pearly's age, and not much more than half her height. But he was the genuine article, an artist; that is to say, he had painted four pictures ten years ago, which were growing old on the bedroom walls of friends of his.

Pearly and the artist spent the forepart of the evening sitting in a small bar, drinking gin and tonics and discussing mobility and tension. Then, when the artist figured she had enough of a bag on to be in the mood for special pleasures, he took her to his run-down apartment in a decayed area near Charles Street. The room was littered with bottles, dirty shirts, orange peels, and a half dozen dusty paint brushes. Pearly, who was under no illusions why she had come, was determined to make success of her venture into womanhood. But every time the crucial point was reached, her deep down Mid-west instincts would fail her, and she would shove the diminutive artist off the couch.

The artist, by this time both desperate and growling angrily, asked her point blank: "What the hell did you



come here for?"

"I know," she said miserably. "Why don't you get a bottle?"

In the end she succumbed; but by this time it was four o'clock in the morning, the artist had exhausted most of his strength wrestling, and Pearly herself was narcotized to the point of unconsciousness by whiskey. She was hardly aware of the ecstatic moment when it took place. And ever since she followed the same pattern: she must be drunk to be seduced, and has yet to really find out what it's all about.

Phyllis is a different type altogether. A genuinely "liberated" character, she likes sex, and she doesn't care who knows it. She is not especially good looking; but her figure is lush, and ripe, and well-rounded after the style of the classic nude. She is therefore in enormous demand. Her first experiences took place when she was fourteen, and they crept up on her totally unaware. An ingenuous, unawakened teenager, she was sitting calmly in a drive-in movie with a high-school youngster a couple of years her senior. On the screen, Gable and Grable were making love; suddenly she was swept by an entrancing, dominating passion, the most beautiful feeling she had ever experienced. At precisely that moment the young man, who was unaware of the time-bomb he was setting off, gingerly pressed his leg against her. The time-bomb exploded. Phyllis nearly tore the shirt off the young man's back in her efforts to perform in the small confines of the car; and fifteen minutes later they were lying back dazed, but blissful, unconscious of the movie, the car, or their dishevelled clothing.

Phyllis, therefore, could barely wait until she was out of high-school before she fled to the Village. She had in the meantime become a practiced sexual partner, and her interest in New York lay in new worlds to conquer. Then she proceeded to stun the males of the Village in her most forthright fashion for several years thereafter.

But now Phyllis is a special problem. In a word, she has had it. There is very little any man can supply her with that she has not yet experienced, and she wants now other things: like a husband, a house in the country, a station-wagon, a big setter, and above all lots of babies. Unfortunately, most of the men she would marry are either already married, or not yet ready to settle down. Every date has become a nightmare for Phyllis. She knows perfectly well that she shouldn't behave promiscuously with a future husband, since who is going to buy what he can borrow? But in the end her basic passion ruins her, and she usually comes through, afterward swearing "Never again."

Jerry is probably the most complex of the Village types. Highly neurotic, her behavior is erratic and unpredictable. The product of a broken home in Fairfield County, and the slick machining of a top-drawer women's college, she has never really been able to figure out what she is up to. When closely analyzed, she is

not beautiful. Angular, bony, kept thin to the point of emaciation by nervous tension, she is a confirmed hypochondriac. But it's an ill wind that nobody blows good, and because of her shiny thinness, she is able to make an enormous amount of money modelling for the fashion magazines. The money has a twofold effect: it pays for the services of an expensive psychoanalyst; and it makes all the men she goes out with, most of whom make only a fraction of her income, feel inferior. The men, to prove their superiority, have to seduce her. Jerry, to prove that she is not inferior, has to insist upon it on her own terms. Cold and aloof, she rejects her date's advances, won't go where he wants to go, will absolutely refuse to come to his apartment. And then suddenly at the most inopportune moment she insists on making love.

Usually the time and place is impossible. But that means nothing to Jerry. "Now," she says. "Now or never," stamping her foot petulantly. She has made love on roof-tops, on fire-escapes two feet from the party she has been attending, under a blanket in broad daylight at the Tanglewood Music Festival, in the locker room of a gymnasium after a fraternity dance.

The only man Jerry ever loved was a tough, ignorant stevedore from the dock area on the western borders of the Village. He picked her up in a bar, simply by slipping in next to her in a booth where she was waiting for a photographer. After buying a couple of beers, he said roughly, "Come home with me."

Determined to show her better breeding, she went. He took her to a barely furnished room on Fourteenth Street. Here they shared a quart of beer, her beautifully sculptured lips dripping with foam as she drank from the bottle. Then the stevedore simply undressed her. Dazed and frightened, it was beyond her to resist. She simply didn't know what was happening to her.

"You know," he said, looking over her scrawny frame, "you're ugly. I thought all you models was supposed to be pretty."

It suddenly occurred to her that he was right. She bowed her head in shame.

"It's all right," he said, as gently as he could, "I can shut off the lights." She stayed all night.

Thereafter they became lovers, or approximately so. He continued to insult her, to order her around like a lackey, and on occasion, to beat her up because she sassied him. He lay around in bed until noon listening to the radio and drinking beer, insisted that she supply him with a constant stream of crisp new bills which he never accounted for, and prevented her from going to jobs when he wanted her around. Worst of all, he made her introduce him to her friends, who raised puzzled eyebrows and gossiped for hours about the affair. Nonetheless, she loved him with a passion she had never felt for any other man. Shamed as she was to be seen on the streets with him, she

Continued on page 61

THE GODDESS OF LOVE

"Every woman I have ever known
has been to me, a goddess of love."

Comte Philibert de Gramont
(French soldier and courtier)
1621-1707



THE GODDESS OF LOVE

"Every woman I have ever known,
has been to me, a goddess of love."

Comte Philibert de Gramont
(French soldier and courtier)
1621-1707



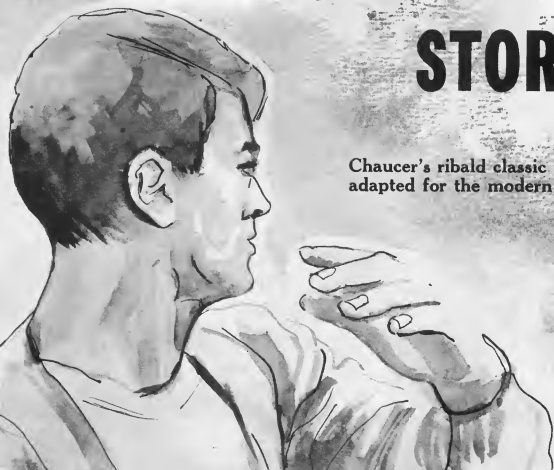


THERE is a theory that an old man should never take a young wife. I wouldn't know about that. I've never had a wife. To put it bluntly, I've never had to take one. I pretty nearly always get what I want without going to the trouble of a parsoning. Besides, I like a little change from time to time. About once a day, if I may put it that way. So about an old man's taking a young wife, I couldn't say from first hand experience.

However, there's a man in our town who could tell you. He did just that: I mean he took a young wife. Maybe he made a mistake. But I wouldn't blame him. Neither would you if you saw his wife. Eighteen at the time, with a body soft and slender like a weasel's, a pair of you know what's that stood up like ice cream in a cone, and the rest of it was something to see. And blonde. She was mighty proud of that hair. It hung down behind her a long ways, and when she had it done up, it acted kind of like a pointer showing where the tailbone was located. Although she didn't need any pointers. From the way she moved her peach halves around, you wouldn't have had any trouble locating it a mile off on a grey day. In any case, I never had any trouble spotting it.

THE MILLER'S STORY

Chaucer's ribald classic freely
adapted for the modern reader



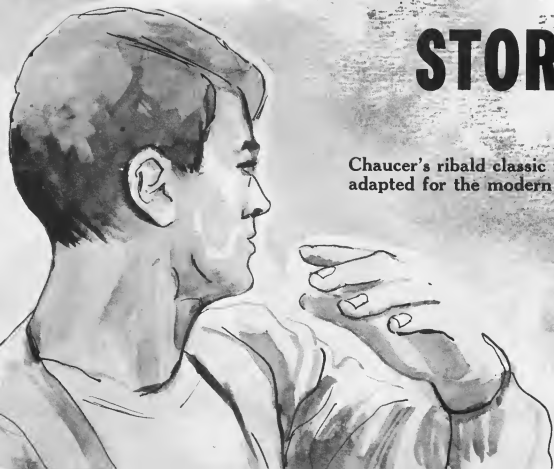
She wanted to laugh but
she said, "I'll scream!"

THERE is a theory that an old man should never take a young wife. I wouldn't know about that. I've never had a wife. To put it bluntly, I've never had to take one. I pretty nearly always get what I want without going to the trouble of a parsoning. Besides, I like a little change from time to time. About once a day, if I may put it that way. So about an old man's taking a young wife, I couldn't say from first hand experience.

However, there's a man in our town who could tell you. He did just that: I mean he took a young wife. Maybe he made a mistake. But I wouldn't blame him. Neither would you if you saw his wife. Eighteen at the time, with a body soft and slender like a weasel's, a pair of you know whats that stood up like ice cream in a cone, and the rest of it was something to see. And blonde. She was mighty proud of that hair. It hung down behind her a long ways, and when she had it done up, it acted kind of like a pointer showing where the tailbone was located. Although she didn't need any pointers. From the way she moved her peach halves around, you wouldn't have had any trouble locating it a mile off on a grey day. In any case, I never had any trouble spotting it.

THE MILLER'S STORY

Chaucer's ribald classic freely
adapted for the modern reader





She wanted to laugh but
she said, "I'll scream!"

Her name was Alison, and the old man's mouth watered after her for about three years while he waited for her to get old enough. Why she married him is a mystery; mostly because the old gaffer was pretty well off, I guess. Most of the girls around here have to figure on working pretty hard once they settle down to get married. There isn't a hell of a lot of money around. But the old man, he was a contractor, and he piled up some, nobody knew how much. There used to be talk that he made enough off the Town Hall Building to set any of the rest of us up for life, but that's just talk. I wouldn't blame him if he did. I'd do the same myself, if I was out for money. I'm not, though. I've got better things in mind to do.

Anyway, she married him, and then for a couple of years she just sat around on her butt, living off the fat of the old contractor. She never did much; went up to town shopping sometimes, or sat around the house reading movie magazines and eating chocolates. I used to see her when she came up to town from time to time, that long hair hanging down behind, pointing to the goodies. And I got to thinking that maybe it would be kind of fun to unwrap that long hair and wind myself up in it.

At that time I wasn't doing much of anything, but living off my G.I. Bill. I was supposed to be going up to night school. I was studying meteorology. You know, weather reports. I never did see that these weather men ever got anything right, and I figured a job where you could get away with fifty percent mistakes was about the right speed for me. I can't say that I did a hell of a lot of studying; just enough to keep the G.I. Bill rolling.

Most of the studying I did was on that little round merchandise Alison carried around behind her. And I began to work out a plot.

The first thing I did was to go up and take a little look at the old contractor's place. It wasn't much. I guess he'd rather stick his money in the bank than get himself a nice house. The place sat down in a little hollow just across the road from the brook. He owned a piece of land going up behind the hill behind him. Up there he had a little shack. I guess he must have used it for a toolhouse once, but it was pretty run down now. I thought about that little shack for awhile, and then I looked the old boy up.

"Say," I said, "you using that little shack back of your place for anything?"

He looked at me suspiciously. "What if I'm not?"

"Well I'm studying here to be a weatherman, and I figure that little place would suit me just about right for a lookout. A weather man's got to be up high where he can see the clouds, and things," I said.

"Don't figure I want anybody up there," he said.

"Well that's too bad," I said. "I was figuring maybe to pay a little something by way of rent."

"That so," he said.

"But seeing as you don't want anybody up there, I guess I'll have to look around some more."

"Don't get hasty young man," he said. "What was you figuring on paying?"

So right there I had him, and we haggled around a little, and settled on a price. The next day I moved my stuff up; not much, a chair, and a little chest of drawers, and a bed, and some books and a slide rule to give the place a little style and put the old man off. Then I went into town, and got a telescope. I set it up in the window. "To look at the stars. They're important for weather telling," I told the old contractor.

But it wasn't the stars I focused it on. Instead I trained it on the little house down at the bottom of the hill. It was a good day's entertainment. I could watch Alison as she moved around the house. A lot of the time she lay on the sofa in a bathrobe, reading movie magazines. The telescope was a pretty good one. Sometimes she'd leave the front of her bathrobe open, maybe to keep the parts of her body from getting overheated. I don't know. Anyway, when she did that I could see right up and down her, from Albuquerque to Santa Fe.

So for about a week I lay up there and watched. I found out a couple of things. The first was that the old man didn't trust his young bride for five minutes. He was always popping at odd times. I'd see his car drive in and he'd come in and hang around for a few minutes, and then he'd go away again. Three or four times a day he did that. So I figured if I was going to get the girl alone for any time I'd have to work something out.

The other thing I noticed was that there was a man hanging around the place a lot. I recognized him from town. He was a pimpy looking magazine salesman named Frank Absalon. Sometimes I would see him peeking in the windows, and when he'd hear the old man drive up he'd take off into the brush and hide until the contractor left. Alison knew he was there. Sometimes she would open the window and shout at him, and once she tossed a bucket of water down on his head. I figured he was competition, but not much.

Alison also knew what I was up to. I found this out a week after I got there. She didn't say so; but she took to standing in the upstairs bedroom half naked, brushing her long hair out the window, so's the sun would dry it. But I didn't figure anybody needed to wash their hair as much as she did. I figured she was putting on a show for my benefit. Some show. For maybe an hour she'd parade around there, the goodies hanging out in plain sight so's my eyeballs would almost fall out of my head. She had the stuff all right, all of it, and scattered around so's you would notice it. And thinking it over, I decided that probably the old man wasn't giving her enough of the old hoop-de-do. How could he, an old man of seventy? Once a month, maybe. That wasn't going to be enough for Alison, Continued on page 48



FRISKY FIREBALL

**Strip Queen Blaze Starr sets
any Burley stage afire.**



One gal who is always good for setting her audience on fire is shapely (40-26-37) Blaze Starr. On her most recent coast-to-coast tour of the States, Blaze almost started a real blaze when one of her fans got so involved watching her bumpy routine that he burned a hole in his best suit with a lit cigar.

Besides scoring one hundred at the Burlesque house box office, Blaze is making quite a name for herself as a photographer's model. And this exclusive set shot for VENUS really shows why.

It would take much more than a few bunches of grapes to quench a man's thirst after he sits in on a strip session with Blaze Starr.







Whether Blaze is performing on the Burley-house runway or in the photographer's private studio she shows that she's really got what it takes to keep the boys happy. The raven-haired beauty is just waiting for the day she can please one favorite beau . . . her husband.

THE MAN WHO WAS MISTAKEN

Eddie was fooled twice in one night

by O. P. Cliffords

EDDIE FRALIN stood behind the bar, the last melancholy dregs of his drink in his hand. In a moment he would close. In five minutes. There was nobody else in the bar, and he could have closed a half an hour ago, but he decided to wait until two. Somebody might come in, and then he could have another drink. The chances were slim, what with the snowstorm, and the bad driving, but then, somebody might just be coming along the road, maybe going on to Boston, and welcome a chance to warm up.

Anyway, he would wait for his wife, Myra. She would be along any minute now, unless she had an accident in the snow. When he thought of that, he smiled. "It would serve her right," he said sourly under his breath, for all the noise she made about his drinking. Talk talk talk, and then shouting at him for drinking. How the hell could a man run a bar, and not drink?

He was standing there, thinking this out, his foot up on the rungs of the stool, when he saw the headlights of the car flash across the window. It wasn't Myra. Myra would drive right around back, and this car stopped out front.

Eddie looked at the clock. It was exactly one minute of two, when he was supposed to close. But it wasn't likely that any Inspector would be out on a night like this; and the cops might be just as glad he was open, if they came along, and wanted some place to get warm.

The man opened the door, and came over to the bar without stamping off his feet. Eddie noticed this. Usually a guy would stamp off his feet even if he was just going into a bar. It was a kind of habit you got into. But this guy just came over to the bar. His hands were in the pockets of his heavy overcoat, grayish, and he had no hat. Even in the short distance from the car to the bar he had got snow on his hair. It was snowing that hard.

Eddie put his drink on the back bar, and came along to where the man was standing.

"Yes?" he said pleasantly.

"Rye on the rocks," the man said.

"Any particular brand?" Ordinarily Eddie wouldn't

ask this, but he wanted to be friendly so that in case the man wanted to talk he would have an opportunity. Maybe Eddie could have a drink with him. He made the drink, and after he gave it to the customer he stood down a little way, and polished a glass.

The man kept one hand in his pocket, and sipped slowly holding the glass with the other. Eddie watched him.

"Snowing pretty hard, still," Eddie said finally. Maybe the man thought Eddie was busy and didn't want to interrupt him.

But the man just grunted.

"Think it'll last?" Eddie was still hopeful.

The man didn't say anything, but picked up the glass, and sipped again.

The hell with him, Eddie thought. I'll just close up, and the hell with him. He came around the bar going to lock the windows. Then he saw that the man was holding a white table leg, the kind that comes from an enamel kitchen table.

He did not have much time to think about it. The man needed to take only one step, and even while he was moving he was swinging the table leg so that it caught Eddie just behind the right knee-cap. As Eddie fell he lost consciousness just for a moment from the shock and pain; when he hit on the floor he thought for a fast second, 'Boy, he sure did that quick.'

The man stood over him, holding the table leg. He spoke in a funny quiet way, as if he were taking a photograph. "Don't move now," he said.

Eddie looked at him, and decided he wouldn't, or couldn't. The way it was numb, his leg must be broken. He nodded his head. He was curious to see what would happen next. The man backed away calmly, all the time keeping his eyes on Eddie. Even so, he seemed confident that Eddie couldn't get up. He went around the back bar to the cash register, and punched the No Sale key. Standing sideways, so that he could watch the door, he flipped the spring holders back, and scooped out the change. The coins he dumped into his big overcoat pockets. Then he stacked the bills, and put them some-



where inside the coat.

"Is this all you got?" he said quietly.

"I make a deposit on Friday," Eddie said. "There's only Saturday's receipts." Then he added, strangely, "There's a twenty under the tray. Did you get that?"

The man lifted the tray, fumbled underneath, and apparently found it. Eddie could not see very well from his position on the floor, but he guessed the man got the twenty. He watched the man reach into the back bar, and when he came around front a bottle neck jutted from each pocket. Then he was gone, the sound of the bottles clinking against the change.

For a moment, Eddie lay there thinking about it.

The man certainly knew what he was doing. He had everything timed just right. He must have figured that nobody would be around on a snowy night like this. It would be tough getting through the snow. He was taking a chance that he would go off the road into a snow bank. He probably had chains, though. A guy that was smart enough to plan a robbery like that would put on chains if it was snowing.

Then the numbness began to wear off, and he could feel the pain rising in his leg. He tried to sit forward and pull up his pants to see if there was any swelling; but it hurt too much to move.

"I guess it'll be pretty swollen," he said aloud. "I

The pain in his leg
was unbearable.



guess a broken leg really swells up pretty big."

He wondered if he should try to crawl to the phone and call the cops, but he quickly decided against it. No point in risking worse injury. The bones might come through the skin, and then he'd really be in trouble, bleeding and all. Besides, Myra should be along shortly.

He looked at the clock. He was startled. Only seven after two. It must have happened fast. That would be something to tell the cops. "It all happened so fast I didn't have a chance to think." The policeman would nod respectfully, and take it down on a pad. "It was just a minute before two. I happened to look at the clock just then." That might not be too good though. They might wonder why he was still open. He could say that it was five minutes of two. "I didn't want to serve the guy, but it wasn't two yet, and he had a right to demand a drink." That would be better.

Myra must have been held up by the snow. You would have thought she'd have enough sense to leave early on a night like this. The leg was really beginning to hurt now. About every ten seconds a fast shot of pain would course up the leg. He could feel it throbbing. It was damn well time Myra got home.

She'd have to carry him upstairs. She probably couldn't do it alone, but he could help a little. She'd be pretty upset. She'd call the police, and the doctor, and in the morning she'd go out and get the papers for him. And move the radio into the bedroom. She would get him a drink because of the pain.

He'd have to be in bed for about four days. After he could get up, and sit at the end of the bar, with crutches, and a big white cast that everybody would write their name on.

Then he heard the car, and saw the lights flash across the window. It ground slowly around back, the snow muffling the sound of the motor dying and the door slam. There were the footsteps crunching on the snow, and then Myra stood at the door.

"Hi," he grinned feebly.

She took off her hat. It was an old stocking cap she wore on bad days, and flakes of snow fell off onto the floor.

"Jesus Christ," she said wearily. "Come on, you drunken son of a bitch, get off the floor."

Eddie smiled. "I ain't drunk," he said weakly. "I got a busted leg."

Myra ran her hand tiredly through her hair. "Don't hand me that crap, you sot."

"But I do," he said. "Some guy came in around two, and slugged me with the leg of a table."

She gave a short laugh. "Well, if you can talk you can walk. I ain't going to worry about you. You can catch your death lying there for all I care." She turned, and walked away from him toward the stairs. "And don't forget to turn the lights off when you come up, Buster." He heard her footsteps on the squeaking boards.

"She'll be sorry when she thought. She'll be sorry when she comes down in the morning and finds me still here with my pants stretched tight across the swelling place. He almost smiled, but he was beginning to get cold. It was true that he could catch a cold.

"Myra," he yelled angrily. She did not answer. He heard her moving around in the bedroom, and then the sound of water running in the basin. "God damn, Myra," he yelled, and kicked angrily.

Immediately he realized what he had done. The shock rose over him like cold water. He lay still waiting for the pain and the warm blood to come coursing out of the wound where the bone had pierced the skin when he kicked.

A moment passed. No pain. Gingerly he moved the leg. It was throbbing, but even that seemed to have lessened.

Maybe it's gangrene, he thought. Maybe it's numb with gangrene. It was a hope, not a fear. He was still straightening the leg, and there had been no pain, no tearing of muscles, no wretched scraping of jagged bone against flesh.

He sat up, and pulled the leg of his pants up. The knee was swollen all right. He could see a whitish tinge around the cap. He leaned forward and touched it gingerly with a cautious finger. More than anything, it tickled. He pressed firmer,

Continued on page 61



—I'm glad he came, I could use a break!



This Swiss Miss was all tied up in knots after being roped into having her picture taken by our photographer.

WHAT'S ABROAD?

**Going to Europe this summer?
Here's a travel guide of some sights
you won't want to miss . . .**



ABOVE: In a sunny spot in Italy, a Latin lovely hangs out the laundry

Guys with a taste for pungent wines, spicy foods and peppery women could do no better than to hop the next ship or plane for Europe. For the American tourist (well equipped with greenbacks) going abroad is the finest way we know to pep up your vim, vigor and masculine vitality.

Not only that. You can also do some sightseeing like our staff photographer has done. While his assignment was to shoot a series of European statues and monuments, he managed to come back with this selection of well stacked lovelies. And it's also his answer to our question: What's abroad?



RIGHT: Like our cover girl, this pepper-pot also hails from Sweden



On these pages you will notice the elaborate construction of a famous museum in the Southern part of France. As with most French architecture the base of the building is as well built as the upper parts.

THE MILLER'S STORY

Continued from page 38

from the looks of her. So I figured that I was as good as in, once I could get rid of the old man for a while.

I racked my brains over this for a few days, and then I figured maybe I had an answer. "All right," I said to myself, "let's have a go at it. There's no harm trying anything once."

So the next night I picked up a bunch of diagram papers with numbers and lines drawn on them, that was my meteorology homework, and went down to call on the old man. "Say," I said calm and serious, "I got something here maybe you ought to know about."

"That so?" he said, doubtful.

"See this here?" I held up a sheet of the diagram paper. "See this line, and that dot, and all those numbers?" He nodded, but I could tell that it was just numbers to him. I figured on that.

"Well," I said, serious as all get out, "this here means we're due for extreme precipitating. In plain words it's going to rain like hell for about a week, and what with backwash and upstart and downgo and outflow (I threw in these just to make it sound authentic) your little creek is going to flood up right about to the middle of where we're standing."

He turned white as a corpse. "You ain't kiddin' me, sonny?"

"Not on your life," I said, very serious. "It's all down here, only it probably doesn't mean anything to you, but I can read it, and all I can say, if you got anything valuable down here you better get it up to high ground."

"But what about my house, my furniture?" the old man wailed.

"We carry that upstairs, and leave it there. But anything you might have—like money—or stuff that might get wet, you better truck it up to the little shack, and I'll watch out for it."

Now I knew he wasn't going to go for that, and that's exactly what I wanted. We jawed back and forth for a while, he looking at me sly and puzzled all the while, and finally he decided to move the furniture upstairs, and he'd take care of the money, or whatever it was he had—bonds maybe—when the rain started to come.

That about the money was a good shot on my part, if I don't mind say-

Continued on page 60

EXOTIC CREATIONS
FROM "AMERICA'S FIRST LADY OF GLAMOUR"

UNCENSORED
Never a gal
like her in
a film like
this torrid
production.
Her body is
sensational.



THE GREATEST BURLESQUE MOVIE EVER MADE!

You won't believe your eyes
when you see it. You'll not part
with it for any price. The film of
the century can now be yours!

HONEY BEE
42-26-37
A SEXATIONAL STAG SHOW
STRICTLY FOR ADULTS

GUARANTEED
Your money back
at once if it's
not better than
any you've seen

8mm Movie (50 feet) ... \$3.00
16mm Movie (100 feet) ... \$6.00
8 4x5 Photos ... \$2.00
5 2x2 Color Slides ... \$2.00
Melton 8mm Movie Viewer \$4.95

Send cash, check or money order • No C.O.D.'s

TIGER PRODUCTION LAB

BOX 46993 HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIF.,
DEPT. 2101

A HAREM TALE

Continued from page 5

end they frankly stopped working altogether, and gathered about him, littering the soft ground around him with a profusion of gossamer-clad arms, hops and legs. For a moment Jerry grew dizzy, and then he began to ask questions.

In return they asked questions. And quite suddenly it dawned up on him that he was sitting in the midst of pure innocence, the center of a veritable Garden of Eves as yet untouched by the hard hand of Adam, or the cold, scale of the snake.

He was stunned; his blood ran hot and cold, and hot again—and stayed that way. Grasping at his weakened faculties, he thought his way through to a conclusion. Then he said: "Do you girls like games?"

"Oh yes, we love games," they said. Jerry McPherson reached into the pocket of his soiled white jacket, where he kept a deck of Bicycle cards, worn and dirty from a thousand games of solitaire played in run-down Cairo hotels. "Now," he said. "Seven can play at a time. The others will watch." He riffled the cards quickly, fanned them once or twice, stacking deftly in a manner he had come by in Las Vegas. "A pair of two's is best. The worst is a Royal Flush." He smiled politely. "If you get a nice pair, you are allowed to take off one piece of clothing. But if you get only a Royal Flush, then you cannot. The winner is the one who gets all her clothing off first. You see?"

"We call this game, dealer's choice." And he began to deal.

Poker is a game which produces winners with extraordinary rapidity especially when the dealer has long, supple, well-trained fingers. In a moment, therefore, there was a winner: a lithe, sensuous-hipped maiden with a length of black hair streaming down her back to the firm contours at the base of her spine. The girls cheered and clapped as she rose blushing with embarrassment and pleasure, to accept their plaudits.

Courteously Jerry stood, took her hand, and kissed her gently on her soft palm. "Now," he said solemnly, "I will give you your prize." Then he looked around him. "But since I want it to be a surprise for the others, let's go where we can be alone."

Lightly she grasped his fingers, and led him off to a secluded bower of

Turn Page

FIRST TIME EVER OFFERED!

PHOTOGRAPHERS PRIVATE COLLECTION OF ITALY'S

SOPHIA LOREN

200 GLOSSY PICTURES \$100

ITALY'S GIFT TO MANKIND!

Not just pictures, but the kind
all men love to see . . .

NUFF SAID!

UN-HEARD-OF MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If all these pictures do not meet with your
satisfaction, keep the ones you like and
return the rest for full purchase price.

\$100

SEND COUPON TODAY

UN-RETOUCHED!
UN-CENSORED!
DARING!
CLEAR!

S. L. PIX, Dept. B-8707
114 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y.

Please find enclosed \$
Sophia Loren Pix.

☐ Check

☐ Cash

☐ Money Order

No C.O.D.'s, please.

Name

Address

FOR CASH OR INSTANTLY!—OR MONEY BACK!

Save Money With Amazing New Liquid That Makes "Dead Batteries" Spring to Life Instantly

—Makes New Batteries Trouble-Free for 10 Years or More!

FOR THE LIFE OF YOUR CAR!

Detroit, Michigan—A National Airline, the battery manufacturers, trucking companies, yacht clubs and diesel users... are praising the amazing chemical, non-acid liquid—**"VX-6"**—that tends a surge of never-failing power through your battery **INSTANTLY**... even if your car has been in dead storage for 6 months... in freezing desert heat... in 40° below zero arctic weather... in jungles where rain falls for 90 days at a time... in sub-zero temperatures around the world... or higher!

Yes, a brilliant chemical engineer has perfected an entirely new liquid formula, that makes even a "dead battery" spring to life instantly... that makes any battery old or new—good for 10 years or longer! Now you can start your car in one second... never have a rundown battery for the rest of your life!

This is the most electrifying development of the past sixty years for you 130 million car owners.

Imagine! For only a few pennies you can have a 24-hour a day insurance against battery failures from now on! No more stopping dead on crowded highways, in tunnels, on bridges. No more expensive tows, no more laying out \$25.00 to \$40.00 every year for "new batteries!" Now—even if your present battery is two years old and can't take another charge... you can give it more power than it had when new simply by pouring **"VX-6"** into each cell... and the instantaneous power will be yours! You can now start your car **instantly**—within one second—at least 27 times... every day for the next 10 years!

There is never a guarantee like this automotive history! Think of what this means to you! Now or never! No more battery turn over instantly 27 times a day for the life of your car... or we'll pay the cost of getting your battery started anywhere, anywhere, between now and the time you sell your car... or refund your money! This is an unconditional guarantee! Only a battery additive that has been subjected to every kind of "torture test" on over 10,000 cars over a period of 5 years before it was released to the public would dare make such a guarantee! Battery Additive is recognized and approved by the Bureau of Standards. Used to improve the engine propulsion system by industry, airlines, diesel locomotives, battery manufacturers, air conditioning plants, truck manufacturers. Ships at sea, such as the U.S.S. Mary, and Queen Elizabeth use similar devices. It insured against failure by famous Lloyd's of London!

A NATIONAL AIRLINE RECHARGED TRUCK BATTERIES EVERY 3 DAYS—NOW 3,750 STARTS... EACH BATTERY GOOD FOR 10 YEARS MORE!

National Airlines used fork-lift trucks... and averaged 135 starts a day on each field. As a result, **EACH BATTERY HAD TO BE RECHARGED EVERY THREE OR FOUR DAYS!** Since **"VX-6"** was added, each truck has been started on an average 3,750 times without any real trouble... saving thousands of dollars, savings of man hours... and each battery is now good for at least 10 years more or over 100 starts a day!

Why are you forced to buy a new battery in the next 6 months if you drive your car regularly?

As you know, your battery supplies the electric current for the ignition, the engine equipment—PLUS POWER TO YOUR ENGINE.

When you use any of the equipment (radio, heater, windshield wipers, lights, etc.) or when you leave your car stand idle, the battery discharges electric current. Two things happen:

Some of the active materials from the lead plates shed or fall off forming useless

"battery mud". THIS IS THE FIRST REASON YOU LOSE POWER...

2. Since all storage batteries contain a number of cells, each of which encloses several lead plates and separators, and since each cell is filled with water and sulphuric acid, an electrochemical action must take place in which the acid coming in contact with the lead plates makes electrical current. When the plates are partially covered with hard inactive lead sulfate, the electrochemical action cannot take place and the battery goes dead!

Now you must save with "VX-6"

1. Every time you recharge your present battery you shorten its life and you add to the cost of the battery! With **"VX-6"** you can stop worrying about recharging your battery... never shorten its life... never add expense to your car overhead!

2. Every time your battery runs down, you strain the generator of your automobile. A dead battery will eventually ruin the other electrical equipment in the engine. Only with **"VX-6"** you can extend the life of your battery and prevent the costly damage a dead battery will cause!

3. A dead, irreparable battery may constitute expensive, sometimes damaging towing charges. You will save this costly road trouble immediately with **"VX-6"** in your present battery.

4. Your present day battery must run down regardless of the amount of use it receives. Since your battery is not a lifetime battery, you will eventually have to pay \$25 to \$35 on a new battery. Only with **"VX-6"** in your battery can you insure against a dead battery and additional battery expenses.

5. If you depend on your car, and can't use it due to battery failure, you will run up additional expenses in transportation.

Thousands of testimonials like these

We highly recommend "VX-6" to everyone. No danger of overcharge... never any need to recharge a battery with this amazing liquid in batteries. Gives batteries a never-failing surge of power... that lasts and lasts!

A. M. Miami Battery Exchange
Miami, Florida

Started using "VX-6" four years ago. Saved us \$400 on maintenance and replacement costs. I say nothing of innumerable "batteries going dead."

J. S. Associated Diamond Cabs
Miami, Florida

Have been using "VX-6" in our 30 trucks for over ten years. This non-acid formula in years tested in our cars in use portable batteries for years more, has tripled and more the life of present batteries.

L. G. Miami, Florida
Miami, Florida

Tried "VX-6" in batteries with two dead cells after pouring "VX-6" BATTERIES WITH DEAD CELLS SHOWED FULL CAPACITY! See results in letter to AS OURS.

L. J. Imperial Battery Company
Miami, Florida

A million times more economical, more efficient in blistering heat, more efficient in winter. FASTER STARTING, BRIGHTER LIGHTS, BETTER OPERATION OF ALL ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT.

I. S. National Motor Co.
Miami, Florida

Have used "VX-6" in all batteries for over three years. NOT ONE SINGLE BATTERY FAILED! YES, YET, THE SAVINGS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS FOR THE FLEET!

A. S. Mechanics Overall Service
Miami, Florida

Most of the batteries turned in are "weak" or "dead." But "VX-6" TURNED OLD BATTERIES INTO NEW! YES, YES, YES! ONE REPLACEMENT YET! IT'S AMAZING!

B. J. Motors
Miami, Florida

Over 30,637,000 batteries went dead in traffic in 1956!

It's a true fact—us you can easily find out. Imagine! Over thirty million cars "stopped dead" in heavy traffic... in the middle of the night... in tunnels on speed highways! Whole weekends were ruined! Families stood shivering in the roadway while the driver had to walk to put in a emergency call for a tow truck. Thousands of others had to flag down cars and taxes and offer ten dollars or more for a push. And others were killed on highways trying to get the car started! Play safe—pour a little "VX-6" in each battery cell and you can have complete peace of mind... for years to come. No matter how old your battery cell is... you can take cross-country trips, travel over steaming deserts, plough through snow... leave your car standing in the rain. YES! ALWAYS TURN OVER THE VERY INSTANT YOU PRESS THE BUTTON... 27 times a day for the life of your car with amazing "VX-6" to safeguard you.

World famed Magazine tells the astonishing story!

Yes, a famous magazine released the exciting story of how a battery can last longer than the life of a car! It tells how the battery is every motorist's greatest headache. If left unattended, it dies. If it gets low in subzero weather, it is likely to crack. It usually has to be replaced every one-and-a-half years! Yet now you can have a battery that runs up to 10 years or more! Now you can have the same lifetime power as an expensive nickel-cadmium battery for less money... simply by pouring in a little "VX-6" into each cell!

Public Service Laboratory tests with "VX-6"

PROCEDURE:

A discarded Delco 6 Volt battery... Sulphuric acid means your battery is old and the plates are taking and the battery is dying! UNLESS YOU ADD "VX-6" IMMEDIATELY, YOU WILL HAVE TO SPEND \$25.00 to \$40.00 FOR A NEW BATTERY!

INSURED BY FAMOUS LLOYD'S OF LONDON!

Yes, the most famous insurance company on the globe—Lloyd's of London—have insured "VX-6" for products liability. It's tested and approved by the "Public Service"... you KNOW that it doesn't do everything we claim... you get your money back next year... in 1967 or in 1968. No new product ever released to the public was ever backed by such careful testing as was ever endorsed by so many data companies, was ever used by so many countries and leaders of industry!

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON... THIS VERY SECOND!

TAKE THIS 4-SECOND BATTERY CHECK RIGHT NOW! DELAYS ARE COSTLY!

Open the hood of your car and look at the battery. The green or white formations you see around the anode and cathode, on the top and sides of the battery, mean your battery is old and dying. If you see these plates, stop taking and the battery is dying! UNLESS YOU ADD "VX-6" IMMEDIATELY, YOU WILL HAVE TO SPEND \$25.00 to \$40.00 FOR A NEW BATTERY!

INSURED BY FAMOUS LLOYD'S OF LONDON!

Yes, the most famous insurance company on the globe—Lloyd's of London—have insured "VX-6" for products liability. It's tested and approved by the "Public Service"... you KNOW that it doesn't do everything we claim... you get your money back next year... in 1967 or in 1968. No new product ever released to the public was ever backed by such careful testing as was ever endorsed by so many data companies, was ever used by so many countries and leaders of industry!

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON... THIS VERY SECOND!

STILES AUTOMOTIVE SALES, Dept. VK-1

880 Bergen Ave., Jersey City 6, N. J.

Gentlemen:

I would send me a glass-sized bottle of "VX-6" immediately... enough for either a three or six cell battery. It is understood that if my dead battery starts immediately after I add "VX-6" I will pay the postman just the amount shown below plus C.O.D. charges.

City _____ State _____

ZIP _____

Save money back guarantee.

**OUTSTANDING
ART MAGAZINES FROM EUROPE**

Wonderful selection of art and nudist magazines from the 'old world'. Also exclusive books in English published in France. Send \$1.00 for sample magazine and free descriptive lists.

"UNIVERS" — ROZENGRANT 19/21
AMSTERDAM (NETHERLANDS)

MUSCLE GIRLS

STRONG WOMEN, BOXERS, WRESTLERS, ETC. PHOTOS AND MOVIES FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD. WRITE FOR FREE LIST AND SAMPLES.

PEERLESS SALES, BOX 171-N
CANAL ST. STATION • NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

COLOR FILM 8mm 16mm

also BLACK & WHITE

8mm B & W (50 ft. Roll).....\$3.00
8mm Color (50 ft. Roll).....\$6.00

16mm B & W (100 ft. Roll).....\$ 6.00
16mm Color (100 ft. Roll).....\$12.00

Also Available:

COLOR SLIDES AND GLOSSY PHOTOS

SKEPTICAL? Send 25c for sample B&W Film Strip or 50c for Color Film Strip.

BEAUTIFORM Dept. V-9

Box 34744, Palms Station, Los Angeles 34, Calif.

EXCITING PHOTOS

Special Offer—For Limited Time

Rush your orders while supplies last.

8 photos per set, was \$5.00, now \$2.00
24 photos, 3 diff. sets, was \$14, now \$5

PEGGY ROSE, Room 505, 131 W. 42 St
NEW YORK 36, N.Y., Dept. J

UNIQUE CLUB

devoted to men and women with
imaginative! Exchange new ideas,
meet interesting people! Models,
photographers, artists, musicians,
students, etc. National membership,
exclusive magazine, *Ilustravis*, etc.,
\$2. Send to: EMERALD, Box 143 V. Englewood, N.J.



SEX harmony

Written by a well-known physician, this educational booklet frankly reveals true facts about Sex Harmony.

- Contains interesting information on marriage relations, love zones and the technique of making love.
- Explains why it is important that husband and wife reach the climax of relations together at the same time.
- Discloses an easy way to overcome man's early climax.
- Shows you how to achieve perfect mutual satisfaction.

Every married couple should read *A Doctor Discusses Sex Harmony*. Pocket size, brief and easy to read for your convenience. Just send this ad, your address (please print) and \$1 for your informative copy. No C.O.D.s. Shipped sealed and marked "Personal" on 10-day money-back guarantee. Don't miss the joy of your complete marital fulfillment. Order NOW! FRANKWELL CO., Rm 47A P.O. Box 120, Union City, N.J.

A HAREM TALE

Continued

roses and date bushes. Here she turned to him, with a blush of pleasure. "What sir, is my surprise?" she said.

"Slowly, slowly," he said. "I'll show you." Gently he touched the soft stuff of her silk gown. As he lifted, it slid lightly over the firm flesh of her hips. In quiet acquiescence she raised her arms, to allow him to pull it upward; and slowly there came into his view the clean curve of her calves; the full, round weight of her hips; the swell of her belly; the quick narrow in-curve of her waist; and then delight of delights, the rich sensuous flow of her breasts with their dainty rosebud tips.

Quickly he slipped the garment over her head, and flung it aside into the bushes. Then, he began to move his fingers lightly over the swelling places in her body, up the curve of her thighs, around her neck, and into the yielding flesh of her firm breasts.

She shuddered with pleasure, and giggled. "I have never been touched like that," she said. "It is a nice feeling. It is a wonderful prize."

"Ah," he said. "It is only the beginning." Rapidly he stripped off his clothes. "Now," he said, "we touch each other."

For a moment they stood against each other, their flesh just barely touching. Gently she stroked his skin. "Here," he said. "Here, here."

"I like to do that," she said. "Does it give you the pleasure it gave me?"

"Yes," he said greedily. Quickly he bent, lifted her in his arms, and laid her gently on the soft grassy bottom of the bower. He kissed her, moving his lips across her mouth; and suddenly she came alive in his arms.

"Oh yes," she said. "Oh yes. Give me my prize, give me my prize." And so he gave her a special present that left her surprised, overjoyed, and quite out of breath.

And then, of course, there had to be a succession of prizes. The first winner spoke so glowingly, but in such vague terms of her gift that the others would not be left out. There was a second winner, and then a third. And then, Jerry suggested that he was at least temporarily out of prizes, they would not hear of his leaving until he could arrange for some others.

"Your father the Sheikh had better not know I am here," he said. "For if I finish my business with him, I will have to leave." So they ensconced him

in a small, unused garden house way at the end of the rose bushes. They brought him silken gowns, and wine, and special dainties that they prepared with their own soft, tender hands. They ministered to him, lavished him with their attentions, bathed him in perfume, told him stories, hung over him night and day, and fanned him with palm branches when he slept.

And he, of course, handed out the prizes. The old Sheikh, befuddled with wine, was kept out of the way by his girls, a simple task since he rarely walked in the garden any more. For seven days, Jerry McPherson stayed in the little garden house.

And then one morning he awoke full of the chill realization that he did not care if he saw another sloe-eyed beauty ever again in his life. Rapidly he slipped on his clothes, pulled on his soiled white jacket, brushed his red hair under his sun-helmet. As the girls still slept, he crept through the dewy rose-bushes, clambered over the garden wall, jumped into the jeep, and fled across the desert as if pursued by a thousand demons. He drove without a stop all the way back to Cairo. Here he rented a hotel room, where he curled up in bed, and stayed there for three days and three nights, tossing uneasily from dreams of unbelievable poker hands. When he awoke he booked passage immediately for New London, Connecticut.

And that is the end of the story, except for one final note. Which concerns the amazement of the Sheikh some months later when he discovered that the roses in his garden had blossomed with red-haired grandchildren. But he does not mind. He has grown rather philosophical in his dotage.

END OF SUMMER

Continued from page 12

"But I watched you," she said. "I watched you from the top of a big tree in the yard. I could see down into the valley. I could see you running through the fields."

Jimmy blushed. He remembered how foolish he must have looked tumbling in the long grass.

"I wanted to come too. It made me want to run in the grass too." Then suddenly she stopped, and put her

Turn Page



8mm MOVIES

ONLY 80¢ EACH

Why pay \$2.00 or more for 50-ft. adult movies when you can get the very best for only 80¢?

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 "GOLDIE ON A PICNIC" | <input type="checkbox"/> 98 Gwen Caldwell "FABULOUS LEGS" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 10 Barbara Osterman "PIN-UPS" | <input type="checkbox"/> 101 "CAUGHT IN BARBED WIRE" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 12 "AFRO-MOOD" Cuban Dancer | <input type="checkbox"/> 102 Sherree North in "EXOTIC DANCER" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 13 "RHUMBA AMALIA" Cuban | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 23 "SILK STOCKING MODEL" | <input type="checkbox"/> 103 "SCREEN TEST" of Vici Palmer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 30 Gwen Caldwell "GIRL WITH \$1,000,000 LEGS" | <input type="checkbox"/> 107 "THE TRESPASSER" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 36 Dodi "EXOTIC DANCER" | <input type="checkbox"/> 108 Nora Knight "EXOTIC DANCER" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 46 "SEASHORE FROLICS" | <input type="checkbox"/> 117 Sherree North "SUN DANCE" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 49 "BEAUTY PARADE" | <input type="checkbox"/> 123 Choendelle "FOLLIES STAR" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 54 Jerrima "BURLESQUE STAR" | <input type="checkbox"/> 125 "TEXAS LIL DARLIN" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 60 "LINGERIE MODEL" | <input type="checkbox"/> 126 "THAT GAL FROM DALLAS" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 62 Kalantan "DANCE NOCTURNE" | <input type="checkbox"/> 127 Tempest Storm "DESERT DANCE" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 64 "WOMEN OF BALI" | <input type="checkbox"/> 129 Sherree North "WASTE BASKET BLUES" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 68 Cleo Moore "MODELS STOCKINGS" | <input type="checkbox"/> 131 Linda "THE SUNBATHER" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 73 Cute "AIRPLANE MECHANIC" | <input type="checkbox"/> 133 "UNDERWATER EXOTIC DANCE RHYTHMS" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 77 "AFRO-CUBAN RHYTHMS" | <input type="checkbox"/> 135 "TURKISH BELLY DANCER" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 81 Myrna Dean "EXOTIC DANCER" | <input type="checkbox"/> 149 Lian "EXOTIC PARISIAN" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 82 Kalantan in "BUDDHA DANCE" | <input type="checkbox"/> 168 Arlene "BURLESQUE OOLL DANCE" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 86 "GIRLS WRESTLING" | <input type="checkbox"/> 182 "EXOTIC SWAN DANCE" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 87 Betty Howard in "EXOTIC MAMBO" | <input type="checkbox"/> 185 "LOUISIANA STRUT DANCE" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 90 Barbara Nichols "MAMBO" | <input type="checkbox"/> 187 Jerrima "SOUTH SEA BELLE" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 92 Dolores Del Raye "ST. LOUIS WOMAN" | <input type="checkbox"/> 193 Blaze Starr "DANCE OF FIRE" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 94 "HINDU TASSEL HASSELL" | <input type="checkbox"/> 198 Busty Brown "MAID'S DAY OFF" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 97 Marilyn "BRASSIERE MODEL" | <input type="checkbox"/> 212 "PIN-UPS" Betty Brosmer |

100 ft. 8mm MOVIES
\$1.60 EACH
5 for only \$8.00

- ☐ 8 Lili St. Cyr "DANCE OF SALOME"
- ☐ 72 "PIN-UP POSES" of Tanya
- ☐ 83 Kalantan in "FIRE DANCE"
- ☐ 88 Jacqueline Hulrey "ACROBATICS"
- ☐ 89 Jan "MODELS LINGERIE"
- ☐ 93 Sue Sorrell "EXOTIC POSES"
- ☐ 119 "SLAVE DANCE" Sherree North
- ☐ 121 Sherree North in "CAN CAN"
- ☐ 122 "THE SULTAN'S FAVORITE DANCER"
- ☐ 136 "SCREEN TEST" of Betty Brosmer
- ☐ 165 Nehla Ates "TURKISH DELIGHT"
- ☐ 184 Sandra Edwards "HOW TO USE A SUNLAMP"

200 ft. 8mm MOVIES
\$3.20 EACH
5 for only \$16.00

- ☐ 50 "MISS UNIVERSE COSTUME"
- ☐ 69 "UNDERWATER SPEARFISHING" in Yucatan
- ☐ 74 "BUBBLE DANCER & FAN DANCER"
- ☐ 79 Dolores del Raye "BULLFIGHT DANCE"
- ☐ 116 Eve Meyer in "COUNTRY GIRL"
- ☐ 166 "BURLESQUING THE ADS"
- ☐ 180 Eve Meyer in "PLAYMATE"

5 FILMS for \$4.00
OR 12 FOR ONLY \$9.00!

YOU DON'T NEED A PROJECTOR

You don't need an expensive projector to view 50 ft 8mm movies. Order the new 8mm Movie Viewer and see sparkling life-size 50 ft. films in fast or slow motion.

\$5.95 POSTPAID



INTERNATIONAL CLUB, Dept. VK-7
125 E. 46 St. New York 17, N.Y.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$..... Please rush the "ADULT" Movies checked.
☐ Also send me four of your newest and best 50-ft. movies C.O.D. every two months or only 80¢ each... BUT 10 DAYS BEFORE MAKING SHIPMENT, advise me of the titles.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

**MEN... YOU GET ALL TEN
OF THESE TERRIFIC STAG
MOVIE SUBJECTS FOR LESS
THAN THE PRICE OF ONE!**



You must be delighted... you must be thrilled... you must agree that these are the most terrific girls you've ever seen in action or your money back!

TEN MOVIE SUBJECTS

all ten
only **\$2.00**

8mm

GREATEST ADULT MOVIE BARGAIN EVER!

A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for you to get ten delightfully different, sensationally thrilling shows on film **FOR LESS THAN THE PRICE OF ONE!** Lovely, luscious young beauties

... ten girls, ten action plots, ten exclusive subjects, the kind you've always wanted, the kind only Titan Stag Films gives you!

NOW! DON'T DELAY! SPECIAL LIMITED INTRODUCTORY OFFER FOR NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY!

RUSH \$2 CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER (FOR 16mm SEND \$4.50)

DEPT. 301

TO: **TITAN STAG FILMS**

BOX 46856, WEST HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIF.

**MOVIE VIEWER SPECIAL
FOR TITAN
CUSTOMERS
ONLY \$4.95**



DON'T MISS a thrill, a breath-taking, tantalizing action in Titan Stag Films. New Optic Movie Viewer for 8mm-50' films gives big, bright, life-like motion pictures for intimate shows; even slow or stop motion. See ad above.

the book nobody dared to print!

COMPLETE—UNABRIDGED—UNCENSORED
EDITION

OTHERS PRINT IMITATIONS... WE DARE
PRINT THE ORIGINALS!

Scene for scene, act for act, details word for word and exactly as they were when you passed them around on wallet worn typewritten sheets!

Shocking, racy, old-time favorites such as:
HER ST. BERNARD, THE LOVIN' FAMILY,
GASTON & ALPHONSE, THE HOBO & THE
SOCIETY GIRL, DEVIL & THE BLONDE!

Plus many brand new ones like:

SEVEN DWARFS FOR ADULTS, THE LOVE
ATHLETE, WHO MADE THE MAID, HER BIG
NIGHT, and many others!

MANY ILLUSTRATED WITH ACTUAL PHOTOS
AND ART!

\$2.98

SEND CASH, CHECK OR
MONEY ORDER. Sorry, no
C.O.D. orders.

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE
OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

LIMITED PUBLISHERS GUILD H-1
BOX 46977, Los Angeles 46, California

END OF SUMMER

Continued

head down, as if she had spoken too much.

Suddenly she looked up, and kicking out quickly with her bare foot, scattered water up over him. He ducked, and laughed, and kicked back at her. The water showered up through the trees and fell back in a mist, which rainbowed as it drifted down through the dappling sunlight. "Now we're even," he said.

She hunched down, her face in her hands, and looked at him solemnly for a moment. Then she kicked again at the pool.

This time the water splashed heavily up over the bank and soaked his trousers. "Hey," he said. "That's too much."

She bent her head. "I'm sorry," she said contritely. "I didn't mean it."

Again Jimmy was moved to help her, to cover her with his protection. "It's all right," he said. "It's nothing." Then he stood up. Carefully letting himself down into the pool, which was up over his knees, he waded across to where she sat, and slid up onto the bank beside her. She did not look at him, nor did she move. But when he turned his head to look at her arms he saw she was trembling. He wanted to touch her, to put his arm around her, to tell her not to be frightened, that he would not hurt her, did not for anything wish to trouble her in any way. But he said nothing.

"You're going away," she said finally.

"How do you know that?" he said.

"My grandfather said so."

"I'm going tomorrow," he said.

"Are you glad to go back to the city?"

He shook his head violently. "No, I want to stay here."

For a long moment there was nothing but the little noise of the brook. And then she said very softly, "I'm sad you're going."

Suddenly Jimmy filled with happiness. In his arms, his legs, his stomach, he felt a wonderful feeling, a good, simple feeling. As gently as she could, he touched her hand.

Her trembling increased; but she did not move. Emboldened, Jimmy took her hand, and held it in his. He began to stroke it softly.

The girl continued to look down at

STORIES FOR MEN

ADULTS ONLY



the water and say nothing. She sat absolutely still, as if a movement would spoil something she were waiting for. Slowly Jimmy turned to face her, bringing his body around so that one leg dropped into the water. Her eyes were closed, but she raised her lips to kiss him. Softly, tenderly, they kissed. Gently he brought his arm around to press her lightly to him. He could feel the tremulous beating of her heart, and soft resiliency of her breast against the bone of his chest. She touched his arm with her hand and reached around to hold him to her. And in a simple, single motion they slipped off the bank. Together they stood in the moving water, pressed tightly together, clutched to each other as if there were nothing else anywhere in the world that would ever save them.

Then, in the mud on the bottom of the pool her foot slipped. She started to fall. Jimmy grabbed to hold her. He too slipped. Suddenly they were sitting in the cold water, their clothes soaked through.

Hastily, they jumped up and clambored onto the bank, where they sat shivering, and splashing water onto the soft, moss. She laughed, abruptly. "We're looking to catch cold," she said.

He looked at her. Her wet shirt clung tightly to her skin, outlining the nipples of her firm little breasts in the cloth.

Bending, she squeezed her hair, dripping water onto her bare legs. Then she stopped and met his eyes. For a moment they sat that way. "We'll catch cold if we don't dry off," she said again.

Slowly he said, "I'll take off my clothes, if you will."

She said nothing, but looked into his face and nodded. As they stood side by side stripping, not looking at each other, Jimmy saw that he too was trembling. And he knew what was going to happen, and he was scared. Quietly, like two little children they lay down on the soft moss beside the stream.

For a long time they lay that way, gently enfolded in each other's arms. And then when the sun was moving over behind the forest, and the dappled light was fading, he took her for his lover.

Afterwards it was cold, and they put on their clothes to keep warm. Just for a few minutes they sat. In a moment, Jimmy knew, it would be over. He would be gone, and she would be

Turn Page



THE HOTTEST
NEW STAR
IN PICTURES TODAY
**BRIGITTE
BARDOT**
Long queues stretch outside movie houses to see this unbelievable beauty. These pictures cannot be obtained elsewhere.

200 GLOSSY PHOTOS \$100

8x10's, 5x7's, 4x5's
and wallet size

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

BRIGITTE PIX, Dept. B-8707
228 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

Please rush sets of Brigitte photos.
Enclosed please find \$

☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

SEX *without* GUILT



JUST PUBLISHED! This may be the **MOST IMPORTANT BOOK** since the **ORIGINAL KINSEY Report** on **SEX HABITS OF AMERICAN MEN AND WOMEN!** **DR. ELLIS** gives clearly expressed answers to universal problems that are of the most intimate and personal nature.

Millions of men and women suffer from sex guilt. They carry a burden of guilt for doing those sexual things which are neither harmful to themselves nor to others. In this provocative new book, Dr. Ellis offers new understanding about sex guilt and the taboos of our Western culture. He takes a bold position on sex. His purpose is to help you understand sex guilt and thereby free you from it. No phase of human sex relations is avoided. And always his talk is plain, direct, clear, born of a healthy, guilt-free attitude which has grown from the intimate research of this respected psychologist. What he has to say will make life easier and more enjoyable for you and will confound the prudish. Author of six books and monographs and over 100 scientific papers, Albert Ellis holds a Ph.D. degree from Columbia University, has taught at Rutgers and New York University, and is a Fellow of the American Psychological Association.

Chapters Fully Explaining:

- Masturbation
- Petting
- Premarital Sex Relations
- Adultery
- The Justification of Sex Without Love
- Why Americans Are So Fearful of Sex
- Adventures With Sex Censorship
- How Males Contribute to Female Frigidity
- How American Women Are Driving American Males Into Homosexuality
- Sexual Abnormality
- The Right to Sex Enjoyment
- Other Vital Chapters

ELYTHE-PENNINGTON LTD.
19 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK 36, N.Y.

DEPT 6307K

Please send me _____ copies of "Sex Without Guilt" @ .95 each. If not completely satisfied, I may return for full refund within 10 days.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ Enclosed find payment (check, cash, money order.)

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay Postman \$ _____ plus postal charges.



CANDID PIN-UPS
TIRED OF PROFESSIONAL LOOKING PHOTOS? I HAVE THEM WITH THAT EVERYDAY, AT HOME LOOK, UNRETOUCHED, FRONT VIEWS. 12 4x5's, \$3.00
24 and Special 8x10, \$5.00
Adults Only
MEADORS
22 TABOR ST., GREENVILLE, S.C.

END OF SUMMER

Continued

gone.

And quite suddenly it came to him that he would never see her again. He did not know why; but he knew that if he came back in another summer, she would have disappeared, or changed, and everything would be different.

His sorrow was great; but it was not sadness. For he knew now that there was a way of being better than anything he had ever experienced, a way of being that somewhere, someday, he would find again.

and then he's just a boy." She put her hands to her face and started crying harder.

"Should I go?" Charlie said. He was bewildered by the tears.

She stopped sobbing. "No, Charlie, don't go. Stay, Charlie. I'll be all right in a minute. I'm just not used to seducing school children." In a moment she was calmer. She came back to the table and sat down. "Do you know what I wanted to do?" she said. "Do you know that I wanted you to come upstairs with me? Did you know that?"

Charlie nodded. "Yes," he said, "I knew that. If you want me to, I will."

"No, Charlie," she said. "I'm tired of asking men to do me favors. I don't want any favors any more." She reached across the table and squeezed his hand. "Now go, before I change my mind."

Suddenly Charlie felt disappointed, and then a cry of rage that she should send him away. "No," he said stubbornly. "I will if you want me to."

"Is that all?" she said. "Then go."

"No," he said. "No, I want to do it."

She did not mistake the intense look in his eyes. She smiled. "All right, Charlie. Maybe it is something we can do for each other." She stood, and taking him by the hand, led him to the stairs.

KING OF THE PROSTITUTES

Continued from page 23

ten miles over the city. The guitar player Danny Barker says that the damp New Orleans weather, due to the river and the generally semi-tropical atmosphere of the city was responsible for this. The story has been questioned. In any case, his sound carried further than any other cornet player. Louis Armstrong calls him "a one-man genius that was ahead of 'em all, too good for his time."

Jazz scholars also question that one, noting that there were other good cornetists in New Orleans at the time. But still, Buddy was King.

Bolden's fantastic luck with the women was not entirely due to his personality. New Orleans of that period was possibly the greatest musicians' town that ever existed. The musicians were top social dogs in the

Turn Page

THEATRICAL

LINGERIE • COSTUMES

G-Strings, Strip Panties, Bikinis
Sheer Hosiery, Lacy Baby Dolls
and MANY OTHER TERRIFIC ITEMS are
in our large illustrated catalog.
Dozens of top models and show girls
show you these glamorous creations.
SEND 25¢ FOR CATALOG

Cover Girl Originals

DEPT. V-1

776 8th Avenue New York 36, N. Y.

ADULT READING

Unusual, Fascinating,
Intimate, Revealing,
Arts, Novelties.

KOGAN BOOK CO.

Box 1032-Y Church Annex,
New York 8, N. Y.

Catalog 10c
ILLUSTRATED
COMIC BOOKS
10 for \$1.00

WOMEN WRESTLING

(or boxing) professionally, twelve 5x7
ringside photos two dollars. Fifty for
five dollars.

BERNARD L. KOBEL

16 N. San Remo Ave. - Clearwater, Fla.

WE HAVE IT!

Exclusive
illustrated listings
of movies, color
slides and
photos.

Now only 25¢

REYELLE

Dept. V-1 171 East 33 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

ROAD TO RICHES

Earn to \$1,500.00 monthly! Million Americans employed overseas. Copyrighted reports. Who to contact for highest paying jobs! Laborers, trades, drivers, office, engineers, etc. Latin American, Spain, Europe all continents. Application forms included. Send only 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT DEPT. MK
1085 No. Oxford St Hollywood 29, Calif.

Theatrical Shoes
MADE TO ORDER AND ANYTHING OF
CLASSIC, MODERN, BOUTIQUE, CROSSING,
AND THEATRICAL STYLES
\$15.00
TO WORK RIDING THE
STREET WALKING THE
LOUIS AVILA BOX 199 GUADALAJARA
JALISCO - MEXICO

Now-AMAZING NEW SPEED PLATER REPLATES AUTO CHROME

right on YOUR CAR
with PERMANENT PLATING!

BRING BACK NEW-CAR BRILLIANCE

Here at last is the car-owner's answer to all chrome problems . . . a way that you can do actual **ELECTROPLATING** right on your own car. You put a brand-new, shiny plating on bumpers, grille, all auto trim. You bring back new beauty and sparkle to your car . . . **INCREASE ITS VALUE** . . . make yourself proud to own and drive it. With **SPEED-PLATER** you put on new metal as you brush! And the plating you apply becomes an **INDESTRUCTIBLE PART** of the metal you plate . . . bonds itself on — forms a hard, sparkling, metal surface that defies all elements!

BUMPERS - GRILLWORK - ALL CAR TRIM RESTORED TO NEW BRILLIANCE

Here is how easily you **REPLATE** your car . . . you simply clamp **SPEEDPLATER'S** wires to your car's battery, then dip **SPEEDPLATE** Brush into the miracle plating solution and plate anywhere around your car — without removing any parts. Safe, mild current works **FAST** — yet uses less battery juice than the tiniest light on your car.

MAKE BIG MONEY PLATING

Now you can add to your income during spare-time hours . . . because 8 out of 10 cars on the road today **NEED RE-PLATING**. You can charge \$5.00 for touching-up to \$50.00 for replating an entire car.

Plating is fun, too! You'll get a kick out of taking rusted, pitted, worn metal and bringing it back to shining smoothness. When neighbors see the brilliant plating on your car, they'll want you to do the job for them.

And you can plate other things for profit, too . . . faucets, appliances, tableware, cutlery, tools, doctors' and dentists' instruments . . . you can get more solutions at low prices any time - also solutions to plate silver, gold and rhodium. There's big money in jewelry and silverplate work! You get **ALL INSTRUCTIONS** for plating with your Speedplate Outfit!

CAR DEALERS & SERVICE STATIONS

Make BIG PROFITS with Special **HEAVY-DUTY OUTFIT**

Now you can make **TERRIFIC PROFITS** plating right in your own shop — without removing bumpers, grille, etc. Increase value of your used cars! Touch up new cars! Restore worn chrome areas to bright, new sparkle! Buick Dealer says: "Wonderful. We had excellent results". Heavy Duty Outfit electroplates on current from standard 12 volt battery. Entire Outfit, **COMPLETE**, only \$34.95. Includes Plating Brush with Permanent Anode, Wires and Clips for Battery Connection, Special Buffing Wheels and Compound, Special Grinding Wheel, Stripping Solution to remove old chromium, Rust Remover, Special Polish, enough Plating Solutions for dozens of cars! You quickly make back entire cost on your very first job! Additional supplies always available from us at rock-bottom prices. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**. Order now. IF COD, send \$5 deposit.

CASH REFUND IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

PRaise for SPEEDPLATER!

AMAZING NEW SPEEDPLATER has already plated thousands of cars with Extraordinary Results. Here's what users say: "To say I am pleased is putting it very mild. I have got more work than two of us can do . . . we have to start Booking Jobs ahead like the family Doctor . . ." F. S. Kokomo, Ind.

"The Speedplater is certainly one of the most useful devices ever placed within the motorist's reach. It does everything stated for it and does it exceptionally well. There's no poor chrome on my car now." D. C. Elmhurst, N. Y.

YOU CAN GET THE SAME RESULTS Remember, we guarantee **YOUR** SpeedPlater, will perform for you as if it has for hundreds of other satisfied users, or your money back!



IT PLATES AS YOU BRUSH
Brings New, Glistening Beauty to Worn, Dull, even Blistered Chrome Areas of Your Car.

**YOU QUICKLY
BUILD UP A
THICK, NEW
PLATING WITH
EACH
APPLICATION**



MAIL COUPON NOW - YOU RISK NOTHING

If you want to put new, permanent, gleaming plating on your own car, you can do it right away and not risk a dime. If you are not **COMPLETELY** satisfied with great results, just return your outfit in 10 days in good condition and get **FULL CASH REFUND** **ACT NOW!** Here's what you get: **SPEEDPLATER** Brush, with permanent Anode for life-time plating; Wires and Clamps for battery hook-up; enough solutions to plate several cars; Special Buffing Wheels and Buffing Compound, Special Metal Polish, Full simple instructions. Just mail coupon with only \$1 deposit, then pay postman \$13.95 plus postage when **SPEEDPLATER** arrives, or send \$14.95 with order and we pay all postage charges. **SAME GUARANTEE EITHER WAY. CASH REFUND IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED.**

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. V-78
125 E. 46th St. New York 17, N.Y.

Please rush the electroplating kit I have checked.

- ☐ Regular **SPEEDPLATE OUTFIT**, \$14.95 (if C.O.D. send \$1 deposit).
- ☐ Heavy-Duty Service Station Outfit, \$34.95 (if C.O.D. send \$5 deposit).
- ☐ I enclose full price, send postpaid.

I understand that I must be **COMPLETELY SATISFIED** or I may return kit within 10-days for immediate **CASH REFUND**.

Name

Address

City State

Cherrie Knight Candids

Not just pin-ups, but unretouched shots of Busy Cherrie Knight, 44-26-37, at home au naturel.

12 — 4x5 GLOSSY PHOTOS 3.00
24 — 4x5 GLOSSY PHOTOS 5.50
48 — 4x5 GLOSSY PHOTOS 10.00
6 — 2x2 COLOR SLIDES 3.00
NUPIX, Box 43044-V
Los Angeles 43, Calif.

HOME TOUCH PHOTOS

Candid Poses of Girls at home in silk stockings!

8 4x5 GLOSSYS \$2.00
24 4x5's 5.00

RENEE' CO. Dept. 22
Box 2804, Hollywood 28, Calif.

WOMEN MAKE MONEY!

MAKE UP TO \$1,000.00 per month selling children's records. Complete Hi-Fi Album of over 100 children songs sells for only \$3.95, your cost only \$1.45. \$2.50 profit to you on every album sold. Simple to sell. Your money returned gladly if not all we say. Send \$1.45 for sample album and full instructions on how to sell.

CHILDREN'S RECORD SALES Dept. NK

105 N. Oxford, Hollywood 29, Calif.

HAPPY FEET TIE CLIP



Laugh of the year, and a handsome piece of jewelry too. Exclusive. Safety clip. State choice: copper or antique silver finish. Only \$2.00 cash, check or M. O. We pay Fed. tax and postage.

JAYBUO SALES, Dept. H-30

385 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16

KING OF THE PROSTITUTES

Continued

Storyville section. And the girls swarmed around. Said Alphonse Picou, according to Alan Lomax's book *Mr. Jelly Roll*: "In those days the girls were crazy about musicians. They all fight to carry your case home. Then they ask you to their house to take 'a little rest.' You see, you feel so tired you couldn't carry your own instrument home." It was indeed a lovely situation for a good jazz musician, and it is no wonder that a lot of them refused to leave home when better economic prospects opened up in Chicago later on.

And so for fifteen years, Buddy Bolden was on top of the heap, the great man, the hero of his area. And then little by little, his friends noticed that something was wrong. He began getting more quarrelsome than usual. He began, when he was full of wine, to swagger down the streets telling stories about his girls, and his love-life. The women became more and more a problem. Sometimes he would have literally have to run away from them to save himself. Now, when he got deep in wine his friend and

trombonist Albert Gleny would take his horn away from him, and lead him down to his house. He started staying up all night long without sleep two or three nights a week. He would drink, and then grow depressed, and drink some more. The king was on the downhill road.

But he still could play his cornet. They never beat him at that. He could still, when he wanted to, empty Lincoln Gardens with one long, savage, blue phrase from his instrument.

And then, quite suddenly, in an indescribable fit of horror during a Labor Day Parade, he flung his great horn out on the heads of the people, and went berserk. He began charging among the bystanders, striking out wildly and blindly in all directions, a man gone completely hay-wire. So they came down and took him away to Louisiana State Hospital.

That was 1907. Exactly ten years later, Josephus Daniels then Secretary of the Navy, facing a tremendous venereal disease problem among the sailors, requested the City of New Orleans to close down Storyville. Reluctantly, they did so. As midnight of October 10th approached, the bands marched slowly out of the cabarets, the barrel-rooms, the Dance Halls, followed by thousands upon thousands of girls, bearing on their backs their mattresses, the tools of their trade. The massed bands marched through the streets of the city, playing over and over the hymn *Nearer My God To Thee*. As day broke, they quietly dispersed. An era was over. And Jazz music went out from the city, to spread completely around the world in the next thirty years.

Buddy Bolden never knew what he had helped to make. He rested brooding in the mental home, unconscious of the outside world, until 1931 when he died. Hardly anybody knew; hardly anybody cared.

41" — 22" — 36"
she says "I'm still growing"

SABRINA



NEVER BEFORE
200 LARGE
GLOSSY

8 x 10's

5 x 7's

4 x 5's

and wallet size

Only **\$1.00**

Postpaid

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

SABRINA PIX, Dept. B-8707
228 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Please rush me your giant set of 200 new poses by return mail. I enclose \$1.00 in full payment.

Name

Address

City

Zone

State

COLLEGE DAZE

College Kid: Who's that?

Old Grad: A girl I used to sleep with.

College Kid: Really? Where?

Old Grad: In history.

Doctors Report "Miracle" Royal Jelly May Change Our Whole Life!

Here is the thrilling story of Royal Jelly...bringing new hope to countless thousands of men and women over 35...

by William Duval

Science Features Writer
NEW YORK, N.Y.

An amazing scientific discovery, just recently made available through the combined efforts of Scientists who have, after years of testing in Medical Laboratories, developed this wonderful substance in combination with eight important and essential vitamins in an easy to take capsule form. The powers of Royal Jelly, have been tested over many years. Each year has seen new developments, new proof, as men and women from many countries of the world have begun to feel the amazing benefits of this highly beneficial Queen Bee's Food. (The price of Royal Jelly was quoted as high as \$500.00 per ounce in its initial introduction to the U.S.) Now, thanks to the tireless efforts of many Scientists, a way has been found to make this wonder working miracle food of the Queen Bee available to the public in comparatively inexpensive, easy-to-take, oral capsule form.

The men of Medical Science who have experimented with Royal Jelly, claim that Royal Jelly will perform the functions of INCREASING MEN AND WOMEN'S WEAVING POWERS.

Royal Jelly...The Queen Bee's Special Food...Its Secret of Prolonged Life!

Royal Jelly is totally unique honey, and has baffled Scientists since the 1700's. In 1893, some of the mystery was dispelled when Leonard Borden, a French Scientist, discovered that Royal Jelly is secreted by special glands located in the head of worker bees whose job is to nurse the Queen.

Intrigued by the strange longevity and extraordinary sexual powers of the Queen Bee, leading Scientists in France, Germany, Mexico, Italy and the U.S. have been trying to discover what the secret factor in Royal Jelly is that benefits the Queen.

It is not surprising that Royal Jelly has attracted Medical Attention throughout the world... Here is the substance, the sole diet of the Queen Bee in which lies the secret of the difference between her and the rest of the hive. For the Queen lives to 6 years, whereas the 20 to 40 thousand worker bees and the few hundred drones live but a few short months. The Queen Bee laid works like all the bees, including those of the female fertilizers. But only SHE is fertilized, producing some 400,000 eggs annually.

Her food is ROYAL JELLY, secreted from the glands of the female fertilizers. The secreted substance is nectar and pollen from the flowers, plus honey, combined in a certain way by Nature, to make up the "miracle food" ROYAL JELLY...



How would you like to enjoy this wonder working substance every morning and find yourself possessed with a marvelous sense of "well-being," full of New Power and Vitality? Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could feel renewed vigor and enjoy a "new lease on life"? Now... Scientists say this may happen to you!

Famous Doctors Praises Royal Jelly

Discover of Insulin
Dr. Frederick Banting

"The most complete Scientific Report on the Royal Jelly was prepared under the direction of Dr. Frederick Banting, the discoverer of Insulin, at the Banting Institute in Canada. Royal Jelly was found to be rich in protein and vitamins, with a particularly high concentration of monosaccharide, the minimum of the important B-complex group, that has to do with increasing the life span of animals."

"TEXAS A & M COLLEGE has been conducting experiments on Royal Jelly for several years."

"DR. T. H. McAGUIR has agreed to conduct experiments in which human beings fed Royal Jelly..."

Leading Medical Authorities in France, England and Germany

Attest that Royal Jelly contains vital nutritional factors necessary to the health and well-being of man and woman. Royal Jelly has been acclaimed as one of the richest natural sources of Vitamin and Minerals.

Royal Jelly Reported to Help Those Over 35 Suffering From:

Mental Depression... Loss of Appetite... Sexual Weakness... Digestive Troubles... Headaches... Low Vitality... Nervousness... Vague Aches and Pains... Irritability.

Royal Jelly May Mean "New Life" After 35

Reports from Europe tell of an 80 year old German gentleman whose physical condition would make a 50 year old envious. The man regularly partakes of Royal Jelly. According to a book published in England, when Russian Officials sent questionnaires to all the Centenarians (people over 100 years old) in the Soviet Union, more than half of them turned out to be beekeepers.

From France and Germany come amazing Scientific Reports that the Centenarians (people over 100 years old) with Royal Jelly. One French Official writes of a woman over 40 feeling increased sexual vitality, and of a wonderful feeling of "youth and well-being" that resulted from continued use of Royal Jelly.

At this moment, in Leading Universities, Scientists and Nutritionists and Medical Doctors are doing extensive work to determine the exact role that Royal Jelly may play in Your Sex Life, Your Health and Your Emotional Condition. These researchers are especially interested in its effects on those who have been called "Old People." This work on Royal Jelly because this working NATURAL FOOD has been found to contain renewable energy and Sex Factors.

How would you like to enjoy this wonder working substance every morning and find yourself possessed with a marvelous sense of "well-being," full of New Power and Vitality? Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could feel renewed vigor and enjoy a "new lease on life"? Now... Scientists say this may happen to you!

Famous Doctors Praises Royal Jelly

Doctor Paul Niehans, famous Swiss Surgeon and expert in dealing with Hormones says: "ROYAL JELLY is an activator of the glands." Dr. Niehans discovered that many minor disabilities which bother millions of people such as nervousness, irritability, headaches, insomnia, physical and spiritual exhaustions, were easily cured with the Cellular Therapeutic of the Secretion of the bees which is Royal Jelly.

This wonder working "clair" ROYAL JELLY, was rare and inaccessible in quantity in this country. It was not until recently that it was brought to the attention of the American People. Leading National Health and Newspaper feature it in a glowing report, and Feature Columns from coast to coast attest to the importance of Royal Jelly.

Royal Jelly Safe to Use, Say Doctors

"Royal Jelly" contains Living NATURAL VITAMINS, beneficial to all men and women, reported by the World Health Organization, International Congress for Biogenetics. Dr. De Pomade, 30 year old French Scientist, who has worked among the Physicians and Biometrists attending the Congress, said the Bee Secretion might have been known to Ancient Indians, Greeks and Romans, and might have been the "Food for the Gods" or "Nectar" mentioned in the Mythology of these Countries.

Scientists and Doctors have reported on Research conducted over a period of 20 years that "Royal Jelly" is perfectly safe for humans. That "ROYAL JELLY" is an excellent Natural Vitamin Supplement, containing Natural Vitamins in extremely high quantities which are considered to be of the greatest value to human health, energy and sexual vitality.

Royal Jelly Now Approved Before Congress of 5,000 Doctors in Karlsruhe

The General Consensus of Opinion of the 5,000 doctors who attended research on Royal Jelly was that it was found to be an excellent tonic for the nerves, and that it provided one with an almost immediate feeling of "well-being." In some cases depression disappeared, natural vitality was restored, and a more youthful disposition was the result. Royal Jelly has been known to increase the mental and sexual capacities, and help to overcome the minor ailments. Researchers have attributed Royal Jelly's potency to vitamins and/or hormones. One of the French Royal Jelly formulators available today, without exception, has been called "ROYAL FORMULA 60," which combines vitamins with the Natural Food of the Queen Bee, "ROYAL JELLY" plus pure Natural Vitamin C, Vitamin E. Using just one easy-to-take capsule of the ROYAL FORMULA 60 may just get discover, as have thousands of others, that you can FEEL GOOD AGAIN!

JEANASOL introduces ROYAL JELLY



Leading Research Magazine, New York, New York, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 2816, 2817, 2818, 2819, 2820, 2821, 2822, 2823, 2824, 2825, 2826, 2827, 2828, 2829, 2830, 2831, 2832, 2833, 2834, 2835, 2836, 2837, 2838, 2839, 2840, 2841, 2842, 2843, 2844, 2845, 2846, 2847, 2848, 2849, 2850, 2851, 2852, 2853, 2854, 2855, 2856, 2857, 2858, 2859, 2860, 2861, 2862, 2863, 2864, 2865, 2866, 2867, 2868, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 2873, 2874, 2875, 2876, 2877, 2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000, 3001, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3005, 3006, 3007, 3008, 3009, 3010, 3011, 3012, 3013, 3014, 3015, 3016, 3017, 3018, 3019, 3020, 3021, 3022, 3023, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 3044, 3045, 3046, 3047, 3048, 3049, 3050, 3051, 3052, 3053, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3065, 3066, 3067, 3068, 3069, 3070, 3071, 3072, 3073, 3074, 3075, 3076, 3077, 3078, 3079, 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085, 3086, 3087, 3088, 3089, 3090, 3091, 3092, 3093, 3094, 3095, 3096, 3097, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102, 3103, 3104, 3105, 3106, 3107, 3108, 3109, 3110, 3111, 3112, 3113, 3114, 3115, 3116, 3117, 3118, 3119, 3120, 3121, 3122, 3123, 3124, 3125, 3126, 3127, 3128, 3129, 3130, 3131, 3132, 3133, 3134, 3135, 3136, 3137, 3138, 3139, 3140, 3141, 3142, 3143, 3144, 3145, 3146, 3147, 3148, 3149, 3150, 3151, 3152, 3153, 3154, 3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165, 3166, 3167, 3168, 3169, 3170, 3171, 3172, 3173, 3174, 3175, 3176, 3177, 3178, 3179, 3180, 3181, 3182, 3183, 3184, 3185, 3186, 3187, 3188, 3189, 3190, 3191, 3192, 3193, 3194, 3195, 3196, 3197, 3198, 3199, 3200, 3201, 3202, 3203, 3204, 3205, 3206, 3207, 3208, 3209, 3210, 3211, 3212, 3213, 3214, 3215, 3216, 3217, 3218, 3219, 3220, 3221, 3222, 3223, 3224, 3225, 3226, 3227, 3228, 3229, 3230, 3231, 3232, 3233, 3234, 3235, 3236, 3237, 3238, 3239, 3240, 3241, 3242, 3243, 3244, 3245, 3246, 3247, 3248, 3249, 3250, 3251, 3252, 3253, 3254, 3255, 3256, 3257, 3258, 3259, 3260, 3261, 3262, 3263, 3264, 3265, 3266, 3267, 3268, 3269, 3270, 3271, 3272, 3273, 3274, 3275, 3276, 3277, 3278, 3279, 3280, 3281, 3282, 3283, 3284, 3285, 3286, 3287, 3288, 3289, 3290, 3291, 3292, 3293, 3294, 3295, 3296, 3297, 3298, 3299, 3300, 3301, 3302, 3303, 3304, 3305, 3306, 3307, 3308, 3309, 3310, 3311, 3312, 3313, 3314, 3315, 3316, 3317, 3318, 3319, 3320, 3321, 3322, 3323, 3324, 3325, 3326, 3327, 3328, 3329, 3330, 3331, 3332, 3333, 3334, 3335, 3336, 3337, 3338, 3339, 3340, 3341, 3342, 3343, 3344, 3345, 3346, 3347, 3348, 3349, 3350, 3351, 3352, 3353, 3354, 3355, 3356, 3357, 3358, 3359, 3360, 3361, 3362, 3363, 3364, 3365, 3366, 3367, 3368, 3369, 3370, 3371, 3372, 3373, 3374, 3375, 3376, 3377, 3378, 3379, 3380, 3381, 3382, 3383, 3384, 3385, 3386, 3387, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3392, 3393, 3394, 3395, 3396, 3397, 3398, 3399, 3400, 3401, 3402, 3403, 3404, 3405, 3406, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3411, 3412, 3413, 3414, 3415, 3416, 3417, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3421, 3422, 3423, 3424, 3425, 3426, 3427, 3428, 3429, 3430, 3431, 3432, 3433, 3434, 3435, 3436, 3437, 3438, 3439, 3440, 3441, 3442, 3443, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3448, 3449, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454, 3455, 3456, 3457, 3458, 3459, 3460, 3461, 3462, 3463, 3464, 3465, 3466, 3467, 3468, 3469, 3470, 3471, 3472, 3473, 3474, 3475, 3476, 3477, 3478, 3479, 3480, 3481, 3482, 3483, 3484, 34

FROM THE ORIGINALS
THOSE SHOCKING
THOSE INTIMATE

ADULT STORIES



MANY WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS

FABULOUS
PHOTOS
YOU'LL
NEVER
FORGET!

A fantastic opportunity to obtain a daring, privately printed edition featuring those rare story favorites you used to pass along on typewritten pages. Some you'll remember, many you've never seen, all in their original form. Every description vivid. They'll leave you breathless!

THE MIDGET AND THE DUCHESS • THE YOUNG LADY AND HER DOG • I WAS CAPTIVE TO SIX WOMEN • DAY IN LIFE OF A TRAVELING SALESMAN • SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, and many others, each more sensational than the next. Guaranteed!

SENSATIONAL
PRICED
LIMITED
EDITION

198
ppd.

Sent in Plain
Wrapper. Rush
cash, check or
money order; no
COD's!

PRIVATE EDITIONS

Mailing Address:
BOX 46856, DEPT. AT-1
LOS ANGELES 46, CALIFORNIA

PARTY CLASSICS

42 SETS OF 12 PHOTOS

BIG 504
TOTAL ALL
FOR ONLY \$1.00



Spicy photos for adults... the kind that'll make an artist blush. Full-blown beauties.

Why pay 500c more? Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rush \$1 to:

Sensational Photo Offer
Box 46744, Hollywood
46, Calif. Dept. V-3

FIGURE MODEL PHOTOS



HONEY...
I'M YOURS
TRY ME ON A
MONEY BACK
GUARANTEE

8mm MOVIE... \$3
16mm MOVIE... \$6
8-45 PHOTOS... \$2
5-22 SLIDES... \$2
Rush Cash, Check, Mo.

S.K.E., BOX 228
Culver City | Calif.

THE MILLER'S STORY

(Continued from page 48)

ing it. He must of had a tin box full of bills he got off the graft on the Town Hall Building, that he didn't dare put in the bank. I could see he was worried.

So anyway, for a couple of days I give him a hand hauling all the stuff downstairs up into the bedroom. Alison hung around and watched. But the old man wouldn't tell her what was going on. I'd warned him that she might get scared, and go off to town. That put the fear of God into him. I told him just to leave her sit in the house, she'd be okay on the upstairs because according to my calculations the water wouldn't get up that far.

Then after that I went up on the hill to wait for rain. I didn't have to wait too long. After three days it began to come down pretty good, and in the evening I strolled down the hill to the old contractor's. "Here she comes," I said. "I guess you better give me the stuff you want to save to take up on the hill. I'll look out for it."

"No, no," he said, just like I figured. "I'll take her up there myself." "Do it any way you like," I said, shrugging. "It's no skin off my nose. I'm going into town and get a beer." So I went out into the rain and down the road a bit, and hid under an old culvert. Pretty soon I heard the door shut, and the old man go up the hill. I waited a little longer, maybe a half an hour, and then I crawled out of the culvert, sneaked into the house, and went upstairs. Out the window I could see the lights on the little shack, and I figured the old man was sitting up there with the box clutched in his hand, waiting for the flood.

And then I remembered the telescope. Chances were pretty good the old boy was using it. So when I went upstairs I dropped down onto my hands and knees, and that was the way I crawled into Alison's room.

She was lying up in bed, reading a movie magazine. "What the hell are you doing here," she said.

"You know what I'm doing here," I said, still lying on the floor out of range of the telescope.

"Come on down here, sugarpie," I said, "where we can talk."

"Silly boy," she said. "Not for a million dollars."

Well we jawed back and forth for about thirty seconds, and then she scrawled down off the bed like an

otter slipping into the water. "Prop up that magazine there on the pillow so's the old man can see a corner of it," I said.

She did it, and then we snuck out into the hall and down to another bedroom where the lights were off, and tumbled into bed. The first thing I did was unwrap all that blonde hair of hers, and twist it around me like a sheet. Boy it was silky, and slippery like I don't know what, and I laid my hand on here here and there just to make her squeal for a while. And then after a while we got down to business. She carried on in a great way, whooping and hollering, and giggling fit to kill, and I got afraid the old man would hear us; but by that time I didn't care.

So we went round and round, for a couple of hours; and then I heard a little scratching noise at the window, and I got scared that the old man was coming back. "Go see what it is," I said.

So she got up and went out. I heard her open the window, and then I heard the voice of the pimply looking magazine salesman. He had got a ladder up against the window, and was putting on a pitch. Oh, he went on and on, how he would die if she didn't give it to him, and like that for fifteen minutes. After awhile I got cold, and crawled out around the corner to see what was going on.

"Please, then just give me a kiss," the magazine salesman was saying. "Just one little kiss."

Alison thought about this for a minute. Then she said, "If I give you a kiss, will you promise to go away?"

"Yes, yes," he said.

Well it was dark as pitch. So instead of bending down, Alison turned right around, and stuck her beautiful round back out the window. Then Alison began to giggle. That gave away the show. The salesman started to swear, and then he went down the ladder, swearing the whole way.

So I grabbed Alison, and we went back to the bedroom, and took up where we left off, which was right in the middle of the darlingest part.

So it got later, and later. We were worked up into a pretty good lather, you can bet. By and by I felt the call of nature. I excused myself politely, and started down the hall. And just then I heard the little scratching at the window again. "What the hell," I said to myself, "that magazine salesman has come back again."

Sure enough, in another minute I heard him saying, "Please little darling, just one more kiss, just one more." Well that got me. So I went over to the window myself. Raising my voice up as high as I could, I said, "Here, dearest, come get a little kiss." And laughing to myself, I stuck my tailbone out the window.

It was a dumb thing to do. All at once a sudden pain went over me, like I was on fire. I jumped up from the window. I was stinging and shooting fire to beat the devil. That smart salesman had jabbed up straight with a hot cigar, the biggest kind you could get. My damn, I was a hurting fellow! "Water, water," I bellowed out to Alison, like a bull stuck on an electric fence.

That was the second dumb thing I did. All at once I heard the door of the shack slam, and the old man, thinking the flood had reached the second floor, came running down to rescue his darling Alison.

With my bottom smarting from the cigar so I could hardly think, I grabbed up my clothes and lit out of there as fast as I could go, trailing the smell of burning flesh behind me. I kept on going until I was a half a mile down the road, and then I dressed out in the pouring rain, and slunk back into town and bought a bus ticket for other places.

And that was the end of that. So you can draw your own conclusions about an old man marrying a young wife. I still don't know. But every time I get ideas about a pretty little girl I see going by, I just reach into my hip pocket and finger the scar tissue that's there. It puts me off a little.

But not too much.

THE MAN WHO WAS MISTAKEN

Continued from page 45

with his whole hand. It was a little sore. But there was no real pain. It ought to be, he thought angrily. It ought to be God damn near off, the way that fellow stung it.

Above, the water stopped running, and shortly he heard the springs creak as Myra slipped down between the covers. Eddie pulled the leg back, and straightened it again. He repeated the action twice fast. Plainly, the leg was not broken. Then he lay back on the floor, and rolled over on his stomach, horror and disappointment filling him.

Sooner or later he would have to

go up. But not yet; not just now. He could see a foot from his face the wet snow which had fallen from Myra's hat. As he watched it melted slowly, from the outside toward the inside, leaving a little pool of water which would be gone in the morning.

After awhile he began sobbing.

SEX IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

Continued from page 31

wanted him desperately, wanted him all to herself.

In the end, of course, she lost him to a blousey, dyed-blond with enormous busts and full hips. She was sick to her stomach for a week thereafter, and had finally to go out to the country to recover herself. She is over it now. But she has gone back to her old, petulant ways: busy bossing around the educated, polished sons of New York's monied aristocracy.

Of all the Greenwich Village girls, the most evident is the profession party type. Slightly dumpy, with hips and breasts plainly made for producing babies, she wears wide leather belts and abstract jewelry of her own making, usually set with rakish sandals. She loves parties. Parties make her feel good. Sometimes she plays guitar, or sings dirty folk songs. The excitement is glorious, she is happy and game for anything.

And then suddenly it is four o'clock. The crowd is thinning out, the couples are pairing off. Frantically she realizes the fun is over. She looks around through the litter of dirty glasses and smoldering cigarette butts. The only men left are a couple of drunken college boys, or a dirty artist, burning moodily in a corner. In preference to the college boys, who are too bourgeois for her, she picks on the artist. For a moment they talk. "Do you know of another party?" she says.

"All closed up," he says.

"I suppose we better go to bed, then," she says. And off they go, usually to her own pad, where she can at least be comfortable.

She is not really interested in making love. But somehow, with the party over, she feels let-down, depressed, uneasy, as if there were still something unattended to. The purpose of the love-making is to put a cap on the evening, finish it off neatly, to collect all the loose ends. And besides, it'll make her sleep.

"Not Many Men Only Knew—"



If husbands only knew how much they are missing they would not wait another moment to read "Sex Life in Marriage." Many men (even those who have been married a long time) don't get half the delight because they don't know the knack of sexual intercourse!

WHO IS TO BLAME? But this is not all. What of the wife? In all too many cases she is cheated out of her sex rights. The sex act becomes a one-sided affair. The husband thinks his wife is at fault. The wife thinks her husband is to blame. The marriage itself is in danger!

TELLS WHAT TO DO AND HOW Actually, both must learn exactly what to do before, during, and after sexual intercourse. In "Sex Life in Marriage," Dr. O. M. Butterfield gives detailed directions to both husband and wife. Using plain words, this famous Marriage Counselor tells what must be done, and what must not be done! The "Secrets of sex life" are clearly revealed, husband and wife fall in love anew—the home is held together. Worry and anxiety disappear.

Sex mastery replaces doubt. Married life becomes doubly delightful because the joy of marriage are shared by both!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE Mail coupon now for 5 days' free reading of "Sex Life in Marriage." If not delighted, return it. You do not risk a penny! Mail coupon now!

SEX CHARTS AND EXPLANATIONS Female Sex Organs, front and side views... The Vaginal Sex Organs... The External Sex Organs... Entrance to Female Genital Parts... Male Sex Organs, front and side views... Male Reproductive Cells, front and side views.

HEALTHCRAFT, Inc., DEPT. 358-L
220 West 11th St., New York 11, N. Y.
Send me "Sex Life in Marriage" (in plain wrapper marked "Personal") I will pay \$1.95 and five cents postage delivery. If I do not like it or I will return book within 5 days and you will refund purchase price. If am over 21 years old.
Name _____
Address _____
☐ CHECK HERE if you wish to enclose \$1.95 with coupon, thus saving delivery charge. (No Money-back Guarantee, of course.)
We are not responsible for any loss or damage to your order.
(Canadian & foreign orders, no C.O.D., enclose \$2.50)



VIVA RITA

Recently starring in a road production of *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* Rita Grable proved to critics that she can fill the spot usually played by Jayne Mansfield with ease. This came as a surprise to everyone who thought the beautiful (38-24-37) blonde was more than satisfied with her former role as an exotic dancer.

Success in 'Success' has brought Rita a film contract with Universal where she is being groomed as a new blonde star, a la Marilyn Monroe. We don't know what the critics will say about her first film but we say: VIVA RITA!



Brooklyn's blonde bombshell makes out with the road show version of Rock Hunter.





Looks like Marilyn Monroe doesn't she. °
But don't be fooled men.
It's really a Grable named Rita.

Tales of Venus



A father and his son were both having an affair with a shapely young girl. She soon surprised them both with the announcement that she was going to have a baby. Both men blamed each other for their amour's predicament. In the middle of this muddle the father was called to another city for some important business. While he was gone the girl was confined in the hospital.

As soon as the son learned of the result he quickly wired his father: "Joan gave birth to twins. Mine died."

...



At a court hearing in the Ozarks a group of four boys were accused of contributing to Mary-Ann's delinquency. "Yes," Mary-Ann acknowledged, "Sam was one. And Bill and Joe were the others."

"But that's only three," the judge said. "How about Charlie, wasn't he there too?" "Oh sure," said Mary-Ann. "But Charlie is my cousin."

...

Two cats were high on the horse and talking grandly to each other.

1st cat: "I think I'll buy all the diamond mines in the world and corner the market."

2nd cat: "I'm not so sure I'm willing to sell."

Girl: I've been out with the entire football team and I haven't slept with one of them yet.

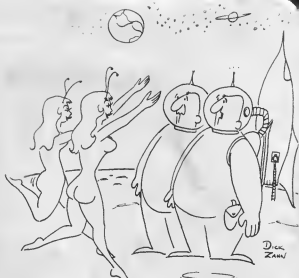
Friend: Which one?

...

A psychologist is a scientist who tries to find out if infants have as much fun in infancy as adults do in adultery.

...

With his wife out of town for the weekend the Casanova brought his girl friend home for a night's entertainment. Unfortunately, the young lady came unprepared so the guy looked around the house for the device his wife usually used but came back empty-handed with the explanation: "I guess she doesn't trust me. She took it with her."



... And we can't even remove our space helmets!

Luke got himself a job as the janitor in the girl's dormitory of a well known Eastern college. The house-mother handed him the pass key to each room and asked: "Would ten dollars a day be all right with you?"

After a slight pause Luke replied: "I don't know if I can afford to pay that much or not, ma'am."



WILL YOU SPEND \$2 TO SAVE YOUR HAIR?

How many hard-earned dollars have you spent to save your hair? How many hair tonics, gadgets, restorers, electrical devices, have you tried in the last few years — with no success? How many times after an unsuccessful hair-growing attempt have you sworn not to spend another cent on another hair treatment?

Yet, you buy the next product that comes on the market with hair-growing claims.

Stand in front of a mirror, take a long hard look at the top of your head. What have you to show for the money you spent on hair restorers? Do you have as much hair as one year ago? Do you see any signs of new hair, or new hair growth? Why the failure?

CAN YOU GROW HAIR?

Doctors who have spent a lifetime studying hair and hair growth have concluded that nothing now known can grow hair on a bald head. So, if you are bald, prepare to spend the rest of your life that way. Accept it philosophically and quit spending hard-earned dollars on hair growers.

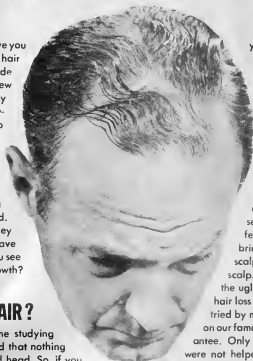
If you can't grow hair — what can you do? Can you stop excessive hair loss? Can you save the hair you still have? Can you increase the life expectancy of your hair? Probably. Please read every word in the rest of this statement carefully, since it may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual BALDNESS.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR

Itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, very dry or oily scalp, are symptoms of the scalp disease called seborrhea. These scalp symptoms are often warnings of approaching baldness. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness, but doctors now know that men and women who have this scalp disease usually lose their hair.

Seborrhea is believed caused by three parasitic germ organisms (staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus). These germs first infect the sebaceous glands and later spread to the hair follicles. The hair follicles atrophy, no longer can produce new hairs. The result is "thinning" hair and baldness.

Many men and women suffer needless worry and heartache as they peer into the mirror at their retreating hairlines. Worse, they suffer needless loss of hair because today seborrhea can be controlled—quickly and effectively—by treating



your scalp with the amazing scalp medicine called Ward's Formula.

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

In seconds, Ward's Formula kills the three parasitic germ organisms retarding normal hair growth. This swift germicidal action has been proven in scientific tests by a world-famous testing laboratory (copy of laboratory report sent on request). Ward's removes infectious dandruff, stops scalp itch, brings hair-nourishing blood to the scalp, tends to normalize very dry or oily scalp. In brief Ward's Formula corrects the ugly symptoms of seborrhea, stops the hair loss it causes. Ward's Formula has been tried by more than 350,000 men and women on our famous Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee. Only 1.9% of these men and women were not helped by Ward's and asked for their double refund. This is truly an amazing performance.

Why not join the men and women who have successfully ended their troubles? Treat your scalp with Ward's Formula. Try it at our risk. In only 10 days you must see and feel the marked improvement in your scalp and hair. Your dandruff must be gone. Your scalp itch must stop. Your hair must look thicker, more attractive, and alive. Your excessive hair loss must stop. You must be completely satisfied—in only 10 days—in the improved condition of your scalp and hair, or simply return the unused portion for Double Your Money Back. So why delay? Delay may cost your hair.

Ward Laboratories, Inc., 19 West 44 Street, N. Y. 36, N. Y. 1956

Doctors and hospitals can obtain professional samples of Ward's Formula on written request.

Ward Laboratories, Inc. DEPT. 63078
19 West 44 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I must be completely satisfied in only 10 days or you GUARANTEE refund of DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Enclosed find \$2, send postpaid (check, cash, money order)
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2 plus postal charges.
Canada, foreign, APO, FPO, add 50¢ — No C.O.D.

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

MALE FOR VENUS

PRO AND CON

Since I first ran across your great magazine for men at my local newsstand I've had to reserve it. You sell out in less than one day. And if you're not first in line, you've missed your copy of VENUS for the month. Keep up the good work and you'll keep up the good sales.

Robert V. Gordon
New York City

I'd also like to get into the act even though I'm a girl, by sending you one big kiss for your wonderful magazine. I'm sure there isn't another men's book around that compares with VENUS. Your publication is tops with me.

Jean Morton
Los Angeles, Calif.

When I first read your title on the stands I thought, ah-ha! Now here's a nifty little magazine that will keep me happy on some cool spring evening. But when I read VENUS I was greatly disappointed. Gentlemen, you've done this part of the male population of Waco real wrong.

Charlie Foster
Waco, Texas

Solly, Cholly. You can't please everybody all the time. But you must admit we do try as you can see by the two comments that have preceded yours.

JAZZY

I must admit I was quite surprised to see such a good Jazz column in your last issue of VENUS. It's very rare when a men's magazine comes up with the caliber of material that you have in your magazine. By the way, the girls weren't bad either.

Thomas J. Lawes
Rome, New York

Thank you Tom, right from the bottom of VENUS' . . . er . . . heart. You'll be glad to see another good column of contemporary jazz this month.

THE GAL BACK HOME

I think my fiancée (Norma Jean Davis) is far prettier than any of the females you have in your magazine. She may not be as large as the professional models you have in VENUS but what she has, she wears well. I tried to get a photograph showing her charms but she said no dice until after the splicing. So be on the lookout for a pretty snappy shot of Norma Jean in about a month.

Arthur L. Konklin
Chicago, Ill.

We'll be waiting Arthur, but in the mean time our readers can keep themselves happy with the girls we do have in VENUS.





IN THIS ISSUE OF
VENUS

SEX IN
GREENWICH VILLAGE

•
The King of
The Prostitutes

•
THE TROUBLE WITH
MRS. BENTON

•
The Nude
In Photography

•
Special Feature:
A HAREM TALE

•
FOR ADULTS ONLY!
The Artist's
Model